

47

SEX BEHAVIOR OF THE AMERICAN MALE

Based on 12,000

personal interviews — page 2

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THE MAGAZINE OF THE YEAR

In January, '48 measures the squeeze on the white collar worker's living standard. "Cost of Living," by John Lagemann, case-historys a bank employee's family, whose budget problems may mirror your own. Other January contributors are Robert St. John, Stephen Spender, Vincent McHugh, John Kieran, Albert Einstein, Janet Flanner, Walter Karig, and Edmond Taylor.

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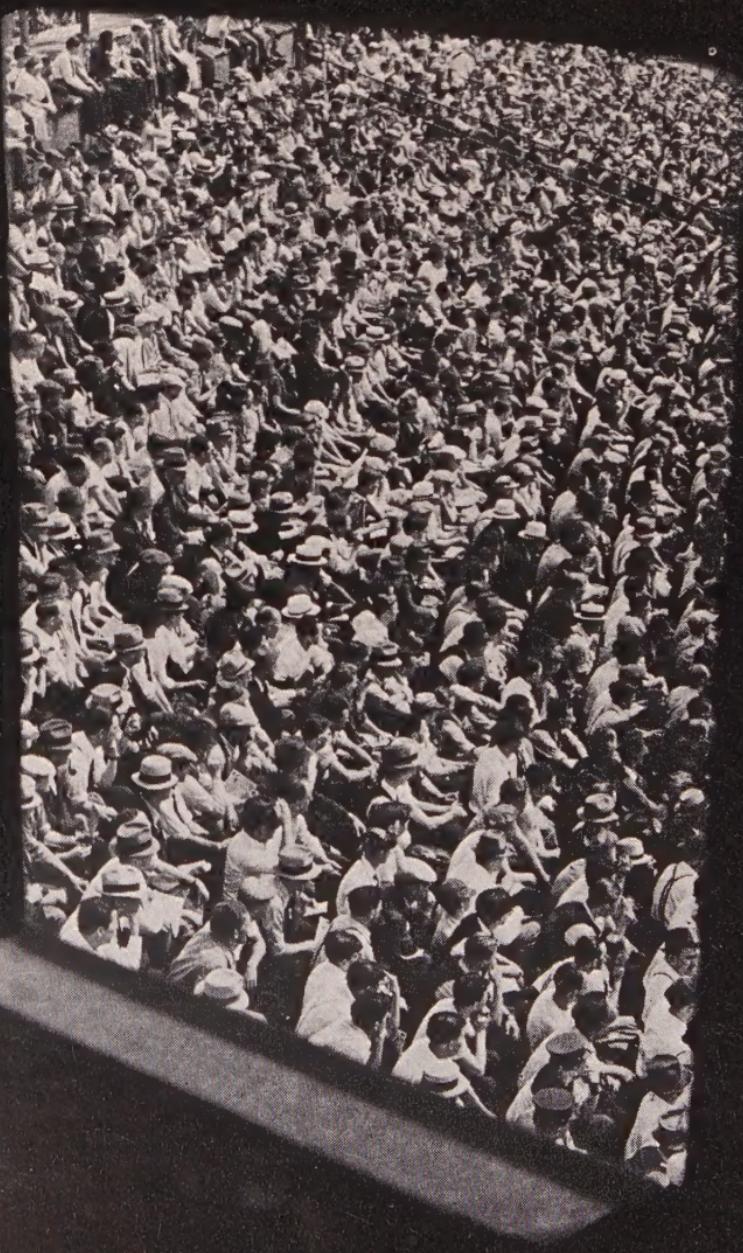
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SEX BEHAVIO



OF THE AMERICAN MALE

How people actually behave is revealed—for the first time—by the frank answers of 12,000 men to Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey's searching questions.

BY JAMES R. MILLER

IF THE laws of this land were rigidly enforced, 95 per cent of all men and boys would be jailed as sex offenders. Well over half of them are guilty of premarital intercourse, and almost a third could be charged with homosexuality. Few of them could deny conduct—in or out of marriage—that the law defines as unnatural, immoral, abnormal, or indecent.

These are a few of the facts of our sex lives which we will be learning in the year 1948. For in January, Alfred C. Kinsey, professor of zoology at Indiana University, is publishing his long-awaited *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*.* Astonishing as it may seem, this book will be the first thorough examination of the

behavior bound up with the very origin of life, a subject which fascinates us for most of our days, and which determines many of our moral values.

Dr. Kinsey's book is the result of nine years of study, during which he and a group of associates have interviewed 12,000 Americans and recorded the details, casual and intimate, of their sexual behavior. His 700-page volume is only the beginning of a lifetime work that ultimately will cover also female sexual behavior, the sex problem in marital life, and a half-dozen other related subjects. But it is a tremendous beginning. Without moral judgment, he tells us far more than we have

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ever known before about sex. It is possible that what he has done will illumine, and perhaps sweep away, more illusions, superstitions, and hypocrisies than any single work in modern times.

Dr. Kinsey has established beyond question the fact that popular beliefs and assumptions about sex bear little resemblance to actual practice. He has proved that our sex laws, written and unwritten, are generally unrealistic and unenforceable. He demonstrates that our concepts of "normal" and "abnormal" sex behavior are rooted in ignorance—and violated in secrecy.

Readers may be disposed to question Dr. Kinsey's conclusions—until they learn how thorough and scrupulous has been his survey. For the moment, let us proceed with the assurance that he got his facts from an impressive variety of persons—the rich, the middle class, the poor; the young, the middle-aged, the old; professional people, white-collar workers, and laborers; the married, the single, the previously-married; Protestants, Catholics, and Jews; Negroes and whites; people of a

dozen nationalities; farmers and city-dwellers; men and women in every state in the union.

Since there is no such thing as an "average" American male, Dr. Kinsey does not try to describe him. He deals, instead, with sex practices in specific social groups. For each group he makes plausible generalizations, and then, putting all these together, draws some conclusions about the male population as a whole.

Thus, as you read this preview of Dr. Kinsey's conclusions, you are looking into the lives of your friends and acquaintances, your wives, your husbands, your own children. What's more important, you are learning much about yourself.

The subject of primary interest in sexual behavior is intercourse. Dr. Kinsey breaks this down into its main social manifestations: premarital intercourse, marital intercourse, and extramarital intercourse.

Primitives, Asiatics, most Europeans—most of the world's people, in fact—look upon premarital intercourse as desirable, inevitable, or tolerable. But the Anglo-American culture, morally derived from Old Testament codes, condemns it roundly. It is sinful, and it is quite literally against the law. Faced with the question of whether it ex-

• **James R. Miller**, member of the staff of *This Week*, is also a regular contributor to '47 and other magazines. In preparing this article, he worked closely with Dr. Kinsey.

ists in our culture, we either admit that it does (somewhat) or insist that it doesn't (much). Faced with the question of whether to indulge in it, few hesitate. Despite Scriptures, lectures, pretenses, and laws, premarital intercourse is sought and practiced by 67 per cent of all male college graduates, 84 per cent of all male high school graduates, and 98 per cent of all male grade school graduates—or 90 per cent of all men by the time they are 25. Moreover, of the total pre-adolescent population (usually thought uninterested in or incapable of intercourse), 22 per cent try it.

In our society the only kind of sex activity fully approved is marital intercourse. It is legal only if practiced according to conventional ideas of what is normal and natural. It has recently been allowed as conversational and editorial matter because we now realize its tremendous importance to marital happiness.

Perhaps our chief misconception about marital intercourse is that it accounts for most of the total sex picture. From the standpoint of the male, at least, it does not. The fact is that more than half (54.1 per cent) of the sexual outlet of American males is accounted for by premarital and extramarital intercourse, masturbation, nocturnal

emissions, homosexuality, and animal contacts. As for married men, marital intercourse accounts for 82 per cent of their total outlet.

How often do married couples have intercourse? Here are the general figures, according to age groups: At age 20—3.9 times per week; at age 30—2.9 times; at age 40—2.2 times; at age 50—1.8 times; at age 60—0.9 times.

It is no longer news that marital happiness often depends on a sound sexual adjustment between man and wife. Related to this are Dr. Kinsey's findings on sex techniques and habits. In our society, for example, 70 per cent of husbands subscribe to the "conventional" method of intercourse. That does not prove, however, that this is always the most desirable or the most natural method. In other cultures, such as that of some Pacific islanders, it is almost unheard of.

Likewise, trouble may arise from differences in attitude between husbands and wives of different social and educational levels. On upper levels, 90 per cent of married couples approve of nudity; on lower levels, only 43 per cent. Obviously, a husband from one level and a wife from another (the one condoning certain practices and the other abhorring

them) can run into very real tragedy.

Incidentally, some practices, usually considered rare, turn out to be surprisingly common. Nevertheless, they are interpreted in most states as illegal, because "unnatural," and there are married couples who are serving time in prisons for them today.

We accept marital intercourse. We frown on premarital intercourse. But we really take a stand on extramarital intercourse. Theoretically, marriage precludes it. We assume love and loyalty between man and wife and/or the ability to police each other.

How does it work out? Well, as loyal and loving husbands, a great many males are good policemen. Seventy-five per cent of them admit they would like to have extramarital intercourse. And 50 per cent of them have it. Husbands on the lower social economic levels generally have more such experiences early in marriage and fewer later. Husbands on the upper levels reverse the pattern. Extramarital intercourse is usually sporadic—a week or month of it over a period of a year or two. On any level, not more than 8 to 15 per cent is supplied by prostitution.

Dr. Kinsey has already found that there is much less extramarital intercourse among wives, and he

suggests some reasons for the difference. His interviews show that men are far more desirous of sexual variety, and that they are exposed and respond to many more sexual stimuli. (Women dress, move, and generally behave in a way that proclaims their sex from adolescence on; innumerable ads, films, songs, and books are aimed straight at the male libido).

There are other reasons for the difference, but the point is that extramarital intercourse is a commonplace. And we immediately want to know how it affects marriage. The answer to that will be a part of Dr. Kinsey's third book. Meanwhile, he makes some highly tentative but provocative observations. Extramarital intercourse may very well wreck marriages, but some marriages may have survived extramarital intercourse when 1) it was unknown to the marriage partner, and 2) it created no important emotional involvement between the unmarried parties.

Obviously, our sex behavior is not limited to intercourse. To see it whole—and as it is—we must look also at such practices as homosexuality, masturbation, and petting.

There is probably only one thing the average American man demands of other men—namely,

This chart records in secret code the most intimate details of an actual person's life. In an hour-and-a-half interview, Dr. Kinsey, or an associate, asks 300 to 500 questions.

that they be, unequivocally, males. A man may get away with being a drunk, a cheat, a home-wrecker, a killer, even a Communist, but let him step over the line on sex and he faces ostracism. The language of contempt has been enlarged for him by a dozen words. He is ridiculed, avoided, and persecuted to the end of his days.

Nevertheless, according to Dr. Kinsey, from one-third to a half of American males are or have been homosexual to some degree at one time or another, and men or women exclusively homosexual are far more numerous than is commonly supposed. We may wonder, therefore, whether they may be justly considered abnormal, queer, or, above all, immoral. The truth is that in the preadolescent period, when all of us begin some kind of sex activity, it begins, as often as not, with members of the same sex.

It is popular to believe that all "normal" people outgrow this sort of practice, but that is only an arbitrary way of defining "normal." Of all the men Dr. Kinsey interviewed, over 40 per cent admitted they had reacted to homosexual stimuli. And 37 per cent (almost two out of every five men) admitted having had such relations *after* adolescence. These ranged, of course, from the rare to the oc-

casional to the exclusively homosexual.

It will surprise many to know that only a small percentage of male homosexuals exhibit any of the effeminate characteristics commonly attributed to them. And it may sober others to learn that although there are a fair number of male homosexuals on the highest and lowest social-economic levels, the greatest percentage is found on the middle level where they are most loudly and manfully despised.

Throughout recorded history masturbation has been condemned as a vicious, immoral practice—a practice, what's more, that is supposed to cause such ills as pimples, loss of weight, stooped shoulders, fatigue, poor eyesight, insomnia, dyspepsia, cancer, ulcers, impotence, and feeble-mindedness. Even today the U.S. Naval Academy orders that "a candidate shall be rejected by the examining surgeon for evidence of masturbation." For years the Boy Scout Manual ran a sanctimonious, pseudoscientific paragraph on the dangers—mental, physical, and spiritual—of this phenomenon. (The latest edition tones this down a little.)

Lately, some psychiatrists, on clinical evidence, have ventured to say that every male masturbates.

Dr. Kinsey modifies that. Ultimately, he says, 92 per cent of all American males masturbate—some only during adolescence, many throughout their lives, including marriage. It's only 92 per cent, he points out, because there are a few males who haven't enough sexual energy to bother, a few who begin intercourse so early that they never want a substitute, and a few who simply can't.

The question, of course, is whether masturbation does any harm. Dr. Kinsey has found no evidence for thinking it does, except to the extent that it creates a sharp inner conflict. The chances are that abstinence, accompanied by its fears and tensions, is far more harmful.

The explanation offered for the fact that many men masturbate during marriage is that their wives are often absent or unable to have intercourse; the husbands dislike or cannot arrange extramarital intercourse. They still desire a sexual outlet, and masturbation provides it.

The practice of petting has been treated as a sex problem in the past two decades. The reasons, Dr. Kinsey suggests, are that petting has become more and more public and that the techniques of petting, especially on upper levels, have been greatly elaborated.

Although 88 per cent of the male population engages in petting, it serves as a true sex outlet for only 28 per cent—and most of these are in the upper educational bracket. These figures pertain only to premarital petting, but Dr. Kinsey records considerable evidence of extramarital petting as well.

There is no support, however, for the assumption that more petting means more intercourse. Members of the older generation did less petting, but, by their own admission, they had exactly as much intercourse when they were young as their sons and daughters have today.

Again, Dr. Kinsey does no moralizing. He is neither for nor against petting, but the inference that may be fairly drawn is that sex demands an outlet, and if we are determined to limit intercourse, we'd better allow for some tolerance of substitute outlets.

We have seen something of how the human male behaves in his sex life. Clearly, he is unwilling or unable to behave according to conventional standards that make everything but marital intercourse and solitary masturbation illegal. We may account for this in part by looking at some of the forces Dr. Kinsey calls "factors affecting sex outlet."

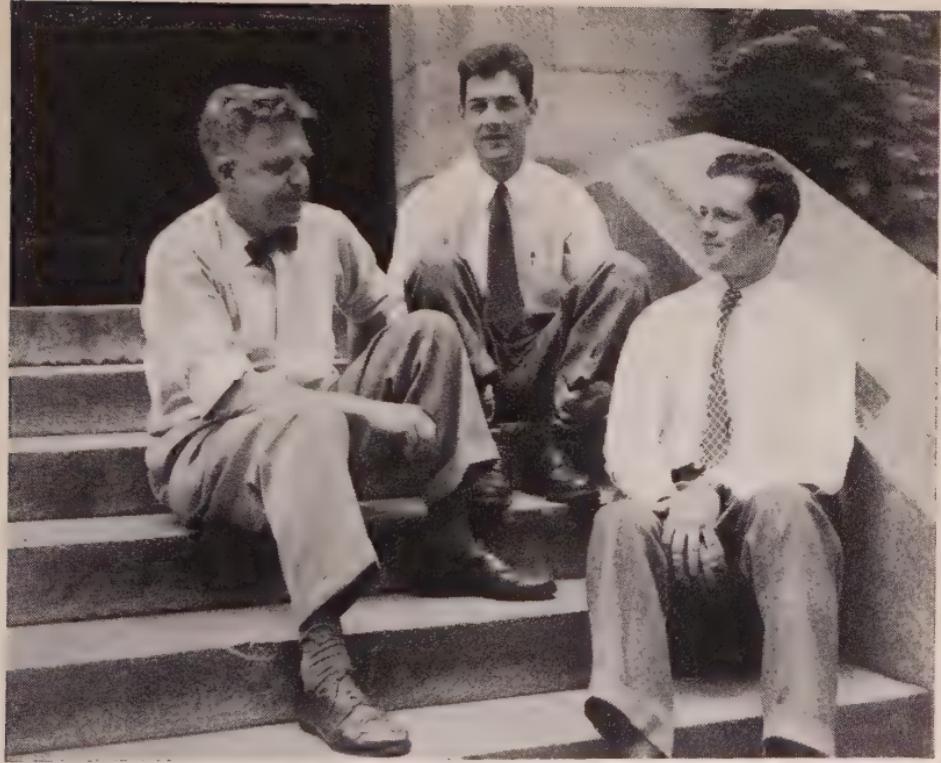
The Freudians and their oppo-

nents have not yet settled the question of whether sex is an instinctive drive that asserts itself in infancy. Dr. Kinsey doesn't try to settle it either, but he does show that sex activity starts early and has usually gathered terrific momentum before our laws and moral codes are brought to bear on it. Some boys have been known to have erections *and* sexual climax at the ages of three or four. Almost all children begin some kind of sex play with other boys and girls between the ages of eight and ten. And 95 per cent of U. S. males enter adolescence between the ages of 11 and 15. From 16 to 45, fully 99 per cent of them have regular sex activity — intercourse, masturbation, nocturnal emissions, petting, homosexual experience, or animal contacts. And more than three-quarters of them average between one and 6.5 outlets per week for the rest of their sex lives. But variations are enormous. Some have only one or two outlets per year, some have as many as 30 per week. It is little wonder that we have a variety of attitudes as to the importance of sex activity.

AS A SOCIETY we are trying hardest to regulate the sex behavior of young people. But apparently we do not understand how difficult that is. Contrary to popular

belief, the male is sexually most active not in his twenties and thirties, but in late adolescence. That single fact is loaded with trouble. The average boy, too young for approved sexual experience (in marriage) but bursting with sexual energy, breaks the rules. We may ponder the fact that most societies have much the same kinds of boys—and very different kinds of rules for them.

In discussing this age group, Dr. Kinsey casts light on the well-known "sex conservation" theory. In general, he finds, the boys who begin sex activity earliest maintain a higher level of performance as adults—and last longest. The form and to a lesser degree the amount of our sex activity, for both young or old, are profoundly influenced by our social level. Measuring social level in terms of a man's formal education, his occupation and the occupation of his parents, Dr. Kinsey finds it reflected consistently in sex patterns. A man on the lower level has the greatest total sexual outlet and favors its simplest forms. He thinks of his behavior as "natural." He begins intercourse early. He may have intercourse with dozens of girls and kiss none of them. He doesn't confuse sex activity with love. Thus, he rarely has intercourse with the



INDIANA UNIVERSITY

In nine years, Dr. Kinsey (left) and his research associates, Clyde E. Martin and Wardell Pomeroy (right), have completed a third of their history-making survey

girl he plans to marry. He wants her to be a virgin.

A man on the upper level generally has less total outlet, but more variety of form. He may pet with dozens of girls and have intercourse with none. He fears or disapproves of "going the limit." He associates sex with love, and often has intercourse with his fiancee. There is in his sex activity far more experiment, elaboration, and refinement of technique—things the lower-level man would

consider foolish, time-wasting, or even perverted.

On all levels, religion influences sex patterns. The sexually least active males are the Orthodox Jews, the devout Catholics, and the devout Protestants, in that order. The most active, interestingly, are the non-devout Catholics, Protestants, and Jews, in *that* order.

Some people think Negroes are sexually more active than whites. Dr. Kinsey says it is impossible to generalize about the sex be-

havior of a whole race. On the basis of incomplete data, however, he anticipates that there may be as great differences among social levels of Negroes as among corresponding levels of the white population.

We have taken a good look at our sex behavior as Dr. Kinsey describes it and accounts for it. Now we have a right to ask how we are to know whether or not Dr. Kinsey is giving us reliable information.

We can find the answer in his personality, training, and methods of investigation. He is a man of fifty-three—tall, paunchy, sandy-haired, with a rugged face and a manner of speaking that indicates a precise and ordered mind. As a zoologist, he has spent years collecting facts about the characteristics and behavior of insects. He once found it necessary to examine 150,000 samples of one species of gall wasp. And so, nine years ago, when he turned to the study of man, he approached it with the same scientific caution. Others had generalized about human sex behavior by sampling that of three or four hundred individuals. Dr. Kinsey aimed—and still aims—for 100,000. In short, it would have to be done the hard way. He would arrive at sound generalizations only by hacking through a jungle

of particulars. And it would have to be honest leg-work. Written questionnaires were useless because people wouldn't answer them fully and frankly. The only way to get the truth would be to go out and collar individuals, one by one, and dig it out of them.

He prepared an interview that would cover every aspect of sex—physical, psychological, and social—containing from 300 to 500 questions and taking at least an hour-and-a-half to run through. He began his investigations on the Indiana University campus. It took him six months to get his first sixty-two interviews. The opposition set in fast. Some people were horrified. Doctors, psychologists, and sociologists complained that he was horning in on their territory. But the University administration backed him up.

He got co-operation from the people he was interviewing by convincing them of two things: 1) he was passing no moral judgments on what they revealed; he recognized nothing as normal or abnormal, common or rare, good or evil; and 2) he could assure them of absolute secrecy. How? Their statements were recorded not in words but in a code. There was no written key for it. The key was in his head (and later in the heads of only three associates). Trained

cryptographers say his code could never be broken except by an expert who got hold of most of the records and held them for many months. And all records are kept in fireproof files behind double-locked doors.

With a set-up like this, people are willing to talk. Most of them respond to a simple appeal to their altruism. They will be advancing important knowledge. Some, of course, are intensely curious. Others like nothing better than to talk of their sex lives. A hotel manager refused to co-operate because, as he said, "I do not intend that anyone shall have his mind undressed in my hotel." But most reactions are typified by that of the little old woman in a Western cabin: "Of all things—! In all my years I have never had such questions put to me! But if my experiences will help, I'll tell them to you."

For three years Dr. Kinsey conducted all interviews alone. When he asked the Rockefeller Foundation for help, they wanted to know how long the job would take him. He said simply, "A lifetime." They have supported his work ever since. He has a few helpers now—Wardell Pomeroy, a completely dedicated young man who has by this time conducted almost half of the interviews, Clyde E. Martin,

and Paul Gebhart. He'll have more when he can find and train them. The job requires a specialized scientific background and a solid year of coaching to handle the interviews.

But, you ask, how can Dr. Kinsey be sure that the people he questions are telling him the truth? Aren't plenty of them going to conceal things? Won't some of them brag?

Anyone who has taken the interview can testify that it is conducted in an atmosphere that makes honesty imperative and surprisingly easy. You soon see you are talking to a man who has already heard all the answers. You find yourself saying things you have never said before—even to yourself. To be sure, an inhibition sometimes stops your tongue or blocks your memory, but five minutes later you find yourself approaching the same hurdle from another direction—and getting over it.

Even so, some people try to lie. Invariably they trip over their own inconsistencies. There are cross-checks on almost every question, and a false answer announces itself with everything but a bell and a red light. Moreover, after thousands of interviews, Dr. Kinsey and his assistants know the subtle signs of truth and falsehood. It's

not really much of a problem. If anyone persists in trying to out-smart them, he is caught up very soon. No soft soap, just a little talking-to that goes like this: "You may as well understand that I know when you're telling the truth and when you're not. You volunteered for this interview, so let's have it straight or call it off altogether." It always works.

How about the sampling techniques? Basically, they are similar to those used in recent years by the public opinion pollers. There's not much guesswork if the poll-taker is conscientious, and Dr. Kinsey is playing safe by taking far larger samples, group by group, than any public opinion or market research people ever attempt. A partial list of his subjects includes: students, clerks, psychologists, undertakers, professors, corporation executives, farmers, editors, prostitutes, gamblers, clergymen, ex-bootleggers, housewives, waitresses, marriage counsellors, pimps, policemen, convicts, teachers, gunmen, bankers, and women's club leaders.

Dr. Kinsey's work is unquestionably of great importance in the study of man and his ways. It will not shake a world that is already in convulsions, but it will be taken seriously because it is of intense interest to every individual, and

it has the unmistakable ring of authority. It will have impact, too, because it throws so much light on the institution of marriage and on the attitudes of church toward sex and because it crashes so heavily into the monstrous structure of law by which our sex lives are circumscribed. Gradually, inevitably, this study will find its way into the stream of literature, lecture, and conversation by which our sex behavior is guided and directed.

But the study will not have clear sailing. Although it is beyond the pop-gun range of fools and hypocrites, it can be damaged by those who are too smart or too enthusiastic. The sophisticates will say, "What's new about this? We knew it all the time,"—forgetting that they *knew* nothing, but only guessed. The others will smother it with approval, and, mistaking its excellence for acceptance, cry too impatiently for the changes it fore-shadows. They will overlook one of Dr. Kinsey's main conclusions—which is that sex mores are most remarkable for their stability; and that our *attitude* toward sex, despite our actual behavior, despite 2,000 years of social change, is still rooted in the law of the prophets.

It seems, therefore, that the wise judgment on this study, and on those that will follow it, is that

they mark the *beginning* of a new sex philosophy. They will provide the first real illumination that man has ever had on his sex behavior. Our moral codes always adjust, in time, to our understanding of the facts of life. In this instance, too, they will adjust. It will surely take many years, but at last the door is

open. Through the crack we can see a day when, because of deeper understanding of ourselves as sexual animals, we may become better husbands and wives, wiser doctors and psychiatrists, more realistic lawmakers, humbler churchmen, and maybe—all of us—kinder judges of our fellow men. END

47 Footnote

“CRIMES AGAINST PUBLIC MORALS”

A glance at random into the statute books of a few States scattered from coast to coast discloses that the sex practices admitted by so many of Dr. Kinsey's 12,000 subjects are, quite literally, against the law.

What Dr. Kinsey calls “premarital intercourse” is in legal language the crime of *fornication*. Generally it has to be habitual (“cohabitation”) to be criminal, but if it is, the penalties can be severe. The courts of Massachusetts may jail the transgressor for three years and fine him \$300. For a single act, the punishment in that state is only three months and \$30.

“Extramarital intercourse” is the crime of *adultery*, for which penalties tend to be even stiffer. In California, for instance, the fine is \$1,000, the jail term one year. In New York, where fornication is not a crime, adultery may mean six months in jail and a fine of \$250. Neither act is a crime in Nevada, although adultery is accepted as grounds for divorce.

Lumped together as the crime of *sodomy* are such practices as homosexuality, animal contact, oral contact, or dual masturbation. In some states, lawmakers could not bring themselves even to describe these acts in literal terms. Such phrases as “abominable and detestable,” “infamous crime against nature,” or “unnatural and lascivious act” occur again and again—a lavishness with adjectives most unusual in legal English. Penalties for sodomy are extremely severe. In Nevada, the sentence may be life imprisonment. In New York, it is twenty years. In California oral contact may mean fifteen years, while for sodomy, say, with an animal, the maximum penalty is ten years.

The antiquity of some of these laws is perhaps most apparent in Mississippi, where one may be fined \$25 for “keeping a stallion or jack within 100 yards of a church or highway or in open view of any public place.”



BY FORBES WATSON

Without creating Madonnas, modern artists nevertheless carry on a religious tradition

RELIEF & PAINTING

ALL ART is in essence religious because no artist could go about the business of creating anything if he were completely without faith. This does not mean that artists must be good Catholics, good Methodists, or good Episcopalians. And it certainly does not mean that subject matter is a gauge by which to measure the depth or heat of the religious feeling of a work of art or of its maker. There is more religion in an apple by Cézanne than in all the biblical machines by Murillo.

Whenever I hear lecturers trying to prove that faith flowered in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries and then, declining, was swallowed by the base materialism

of the twentieth century, I feel that they are unwittingly implying that the artist of today has greater faith than the artist of old. After all, if we are so bad as they say we are, an artist's faith must be strong indeed to break through the cold hard crust of skepticism and perform the miracle of creating.

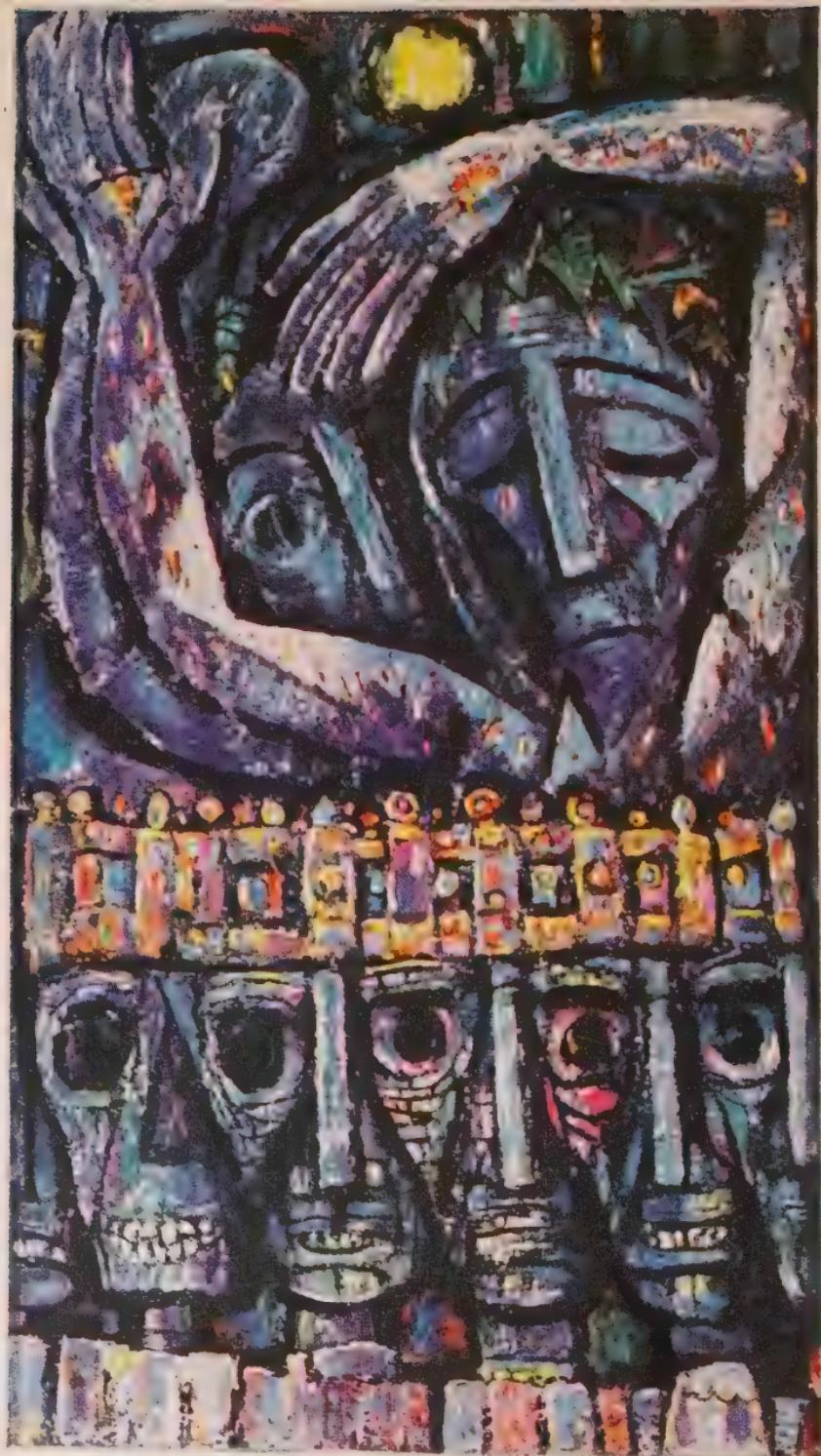
"Where is our Chartres cathedral today, our Giotto, our della Francesca, our stonecutters who never lift a hammer without breathing prayers to the Virgin? Where is the inspiration of the anonymous sixteenth-century

• **Forbes Watson** is the well-known art critic, lecturer, and author of many studies of American painting and mural design. He is now at work on a book on changing tastes in contemporary art.



METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

In cathedrals and churches, medieval artists produced such magnificent religious art as this sixteenth-century Flemish stained glass window, The Flight of Joseph and Mary Into Egypt



MR AND MRS MILTON LOWENTHAL COLLECTION

Flemish artist who executed the magnificent stained glass window of *The Flight of Joseph and Mary into Egypt?*"

Our lecturers ask these questions with gloating inhumanity, and proceed to call this the age of plumbing and that other the age of the glories of stained glass and sculptured portals. They aver that the Empire State Building soars toward a heaven of dollars, and Chartres toward the Heaven of the spirit.

Both buildings tower with pride, one with the pride of achievement, the other with the pride of a mighty church institution. To accept one as the symbol of undiluted materialism and the other as a symbol of absolute purity leads us no nearer to an understanding of religion in art or of the artist's faith.

More than once I have sat with artists and heard them attack the public for its lack of appreciation, the museum director for his enmity toward art, the critic for his folly, the dealer for his money-grubbing, the makers of materials for their unfair prices, the land-

A modern painter whose themes are often in the tradition of religious art is Abraham Rattner. His luminous oil, *The Jeweled Christ*, bears an extraordinary resemblance to antique stained glass.

lords for their rent-gouging, and about 90 per cent of their fellow artists for their old hats. Refreshed by a session which left nothing in the world free of condemnation, the same artists went vigorously to work to produce more paintings and sculpture for the edification of a world which they had just said was beyond edification.

What, then, is the faith that propels the artist? Is he pantheist, animist, devout Catholic, like Cézanne, or passionate missionary, like Van Gogh? Does he feel within him the sunny and playful joys of Heaven, as Fra Angelico did, or a sense of the majesty of man, as Piero della Francesca did? Is he kindled by the flame of the spirit, as el Greco was? Is his imagination fired by a great religious theme, like Rembrandt's?

A great many of the forces that are supposed to drive the artist to produce—ambition, the desire for fame, the wish to make money—can be analyzed and consciously developed. But the artist's faith is nine-tenths wonder, and you can't lay hands on wonder without deforming it, as you would crush spring flowers if you picked them by the blossoms instead of by the stems.

It may be, as many people assert, that the highest point in religious art was reached by the

Byzantines. Some historians say that the road since then has led straight downhill until today there is no such thing as great religious painting or sculpture or, for that matter, architecture. John La Farge tried to capture from the past the science and feeling of great church art, and did work out a respectable and dignified formula. There is not an iota of religion in the mural complexities over which Sargent labored for the Boston Museum. And Puvis de Chavannes, who did the stairway in the same building, was capable of serving only a thin variety of religion. George Bellows once tried a Crucifixion. It is the perfect example of the fact that the great religious subject can become a mere glittering piece of showmanship if that is the way the artist feels about it.

Today there is a definite revival of interest in the religious subject. You won't find any reflection of it among what might be called the professional ecclesiastical painters. You won't find it on the walls of contemporary churches. You will find it in the art of Georges Rouault, who, I believe, has had much to do with this revival. And you will find it in the work of Abraham Rattner, one of whose paintings, *The Jeweled Christ*, is reproduced in these pages.

An artist gains faith not by selecting a religious subject or by any act of will. It comes from within him and is completely beyond his control. I feel that there is a deep religious sense in the art of Pissarro, yet in his letters to Lucien he does not refer to religion, and I can't remember a religious subject among his paintings. I feel the same sense in Van Gogh, especially in his infinitely delicate and controlled paintings of early spring. I think the whole painting career of Cézanne is an exposition of the artist's faith. How else can we explain why he never faltered, through years of discouragement, in his effort, as he used to say, to "realize"?

I name these artists because their work is known to many, because it is not associated with religious subject matter, and because I want to accent the fact that religion appears in art not necessarily where the guidebooks tell us it does, nor where a biblical tale is told, but in works warmed by the faith, unguided and unconscious, of the artist himself.

If anyone should ask me who were the people of faith today, I should answer without hesitation—the men and women of the arts. It is they who possess the sense of wonder that is at the heart of religion.

END

ST. BYPASS-UNDER-THE-BRIDGE

When Civilization came to Wending Ways. A story

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

A CONSCIENTIOUS War Department, or triunified service, thinks about things a long time ahead (I hope it's a long time). One of its anxieties is getting the populace (that's you and me) Out of Town when Disaster comes. Never mind what Town, never mind what Disaster. It had long been plain that commuting railroads and bus lines could hardly handle normal weekend escape. What would it be like when D-Day comes, the Great Dispersion?

Every Army, everywhere, knows that another war would be unwinnable by anyone. Curtains for all, and not even the humble posset of a curtain-lecture. But the Army is cool and consequential as an anthill. Its only concern is to figure out how a percentage can perhaps survive, pooped but unsterilized, and start all over again. Armies are tactful (until you get into them) but what they always have in mind is the coefficient of survival. Civilian survival.

So they try to eliminate bottlenecks. One of the most in-

Christopher Morley is said to live in a Long Island community about twenty-five miles, as the auto travels, from New York. He has written forty or fifty books, and is a critic-judge for the Book-of-the-Month Club.

testinal constipations for outbound traffic from Vulnerable City is the long narrow bending dip through Wending Ways, a modest old bailiwick some twenty-five miles away. The Army decided to short-circuit it. The local Lions Club roared, and the Kiwanis Club resolved, and a couple of high-priced road-houses took most of the clams out of their chowder; but War has Eminent Domain. Grinding slow but small (like the chowder-chef), it condemned enough property to clear its Right of Way. It plotted a huge viaduct across Wending Harbor. The village, lingering in an acute angle of low tide and lethargy, was cut out of arterial flow.

The great white viaduct was nerved with steel, fleshed with concrete, hypothecated with taxpayers. Countenanced by Congress, guaranteed by the Governor (he never visits our county, he gets 80 per cent of our vote by mesmerism) the noble structure strode. Strode? I mean leaped, level and luminous from hill to hill. The old sentimental village where William Cullen Bryan, or William Jennings Bryant (I get confused, myself) wrote *Thanatopsis* or *The Cross of Gold*, was left out on a limb.

Down in their anxious lagoon the citizens bubbled like frustrated frogs. Who, now, would drive down their picturesque gully, where the antique furniture was all ready on the sidewalk, where the house waited in which Washington only had breakfast and didn't spend the night? (He knew those corn-shuck mattresses, and hastened on to the Astor House.) On the high six-lane bridge, fit for the flight of a Tartar tribe, hell and holiday went whickering by. Unless you were on the right-hand strip, no one pushing your bumper, and had on your new glasses (to read the minuscule sign: WENDING WAYS, next right turn, 1000 feet) you couldn't divert to the deserted village. It was cut off, like a fecalith appendix.

I ALL THIS TIME, and a long time before that, there was a patient little church in Wending Ways, dedicated to the holy

hermit Saint Bypass. It stood on the far side of the village, just where the retorted turnpike has another crick in its bottleneck and climbs from the entrails of town toward the lungs of the eastern highland.

It was a beautiful church, one of those costly sanctuaries impulsively endowed by wealthy ladies who may have their own reasons for spiritual disturbance. The benefactress had hired a famous imitative architect and there was a lovely campanile of Tuscan brick. By some error in the casting cauldron the bronze bells rang just effably one semitone off true chime. In fact, there was long secular argument about that: The vestry and the lady's estate both maintained that payment should also be a grace note below pitch. With this divine demurrage hanging over them, and a retentive congregation, the vestry could never afford to stiffen up the pews (which were wabbly and swayback) or dig a cellar and fluent plumbing for the rectory.

It was a brave little church, very likely loved all the better by God for its human embarrassments. Nothing more impels Deity to sympathy and sufferance than man's inept gestures toward devotion. The church of Saint Bypass, set on an abrupt jog of uphill road, was built and beneficed in the very year when the horseless carriage was invented. It was planned and placed for that slow, wheel-shifting, sandy traffic when horse was hierarch. The first automobilist, in his demon gear of duster and goggles, was ill omen for Saint Bypass.

Soon there was no way to get to church (except for eight o'clock matins) but by turning left across traffic. Even putting a policeman at the turning didn't help; the cop naturally assumed you wanted to go to the Other Church, which was always mandated full, and waved you down the side lane. A few intending worshippers got so baffled they found themselves in the Friends' Meeting House over at East Porridge. They were afraid to go again, because the Friendly elders rushed out to shake hands after the meeting. Some people find it hard to be folksy just after prayer.

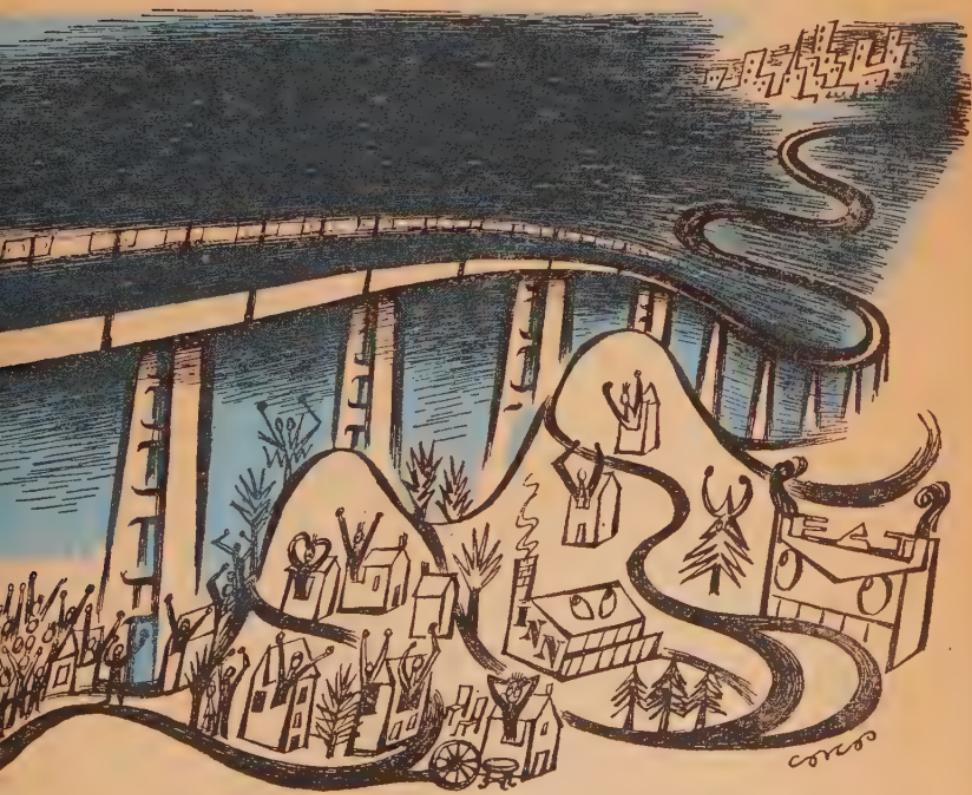
II WHILE THE ARMY'S GREAT CONSTRUCTION was proceeding, the plight of Saint Bypass was grim. Long scalene limbs of cranes waved above the modest belfry; roaring tractors, concrete mixers, pile drivers, deafened the neighborhood. The rectory, never too sturdy and perched on a slope, quaked like blancmange. Wide cracks opened in the parson's consulting room. "How unfirm a foundation," he said to himself. During those thunderous weekdays the rector even attempted the trick of Oriental rhapsodists, putting himself in trance by swallowing his tongue. That member was no use to him anyway, he said, since anything uttered was inaudible. But a tongue well and truly swallowed is hard to regurge; once he only just got it limbered in time to preach on Sunday.

Illustrations by Lucille Corcos



A few loyal and hardy parishioners managed to clamber to services through excavations and along dusty gangways. What traffic was possible was mostly detoured by the Other Church, still thriving and shriving. Army engineers with trigonometry eyes had cased both sanctuaries and planned it that way. Some of Saint Bypass' trusties went a little queer with congested litany. One was found squatting under the noble old oak tree at the Friends' Meeting House. He had a salad bowl for small cash and said he was Buddha. They knew he wasn't a real mystic, however, because he couldn't sit cross-legged for more than half an hour without groaning.

But the rector was a man of spirit. While the church was practically inaccessible he always hummed hymn 177 (*Angels,*



roll the rock away) and caught up on his parish visiting. He encouraged the subscription for a helicopter to pick up the zealous and land them on the small church lawn. With the giant viaduct straddling right over him, he got the Bishop's permission to enlarge the church's name to Saint Bypass-under-the-Bridge. He instanced Saint Mary-le-Bow, and the ecclesiastical Court of Arches. The name would have a romantic and historic appeal and might arouse worshipful curiosity. Like all good rectors, he was, when given a chance, a man of letters, and quoted Wordsworth: *Turn your necessity to glorious gain.*

Also, during this turmoil, he inclined his heart to reading and study. Among the properties condemned by the Army was the old village library, a delicious example of Currier and Ives Gothic, dripping with wooden stalactites. The older books, that no one had wanted to read for fifty years, had been bundled and stacked in the parish hall, and he had fun rediscovering such pleasing old writers as Mary Russell Mitford and *Annals of the Parish*, Ik Marvel and Jules Verne, Frank Stockton and F. Anstey.

He read the newspapers, which holy men are wiser not to do, but he was ironist enough to swallow his tongue when he read the headline WAR STRENGTH BY CHRISTMAS*. Maybe a good idea, he mused (while wiping the dust of powdered cement from altar and chancel) if some national spokesmen would swallow their tongues?

He also dusted his old *Bartlett*, the clergyman's privy counsellor, and looked up Matthew Arnold: *He heard the legions thunder past, And plunged in thought again.* Jeepers, he said (he picked that up from his children), Saint Bypass had something there.

III WE MUSTN'T BE TEDIOUS. The tumult and the doubting died; the great Wending Harbor Bridge was finished. It was astoundingly beautiful, as is everything purposely functional: white, fear-

*For the record: *New York Times*, page 1, July 26, 1947

less, logical, and logistical as the proposals of Euclid or the gravities of Newton. The rector even imagined a sermon about it, but wisely he refrained. It would have perplexed his flock, who had had enough woe already. He wanted to remind them that Newton and Euclid obtain only for low velocities. When you get supersonic you have to shift gears to Einstein, Albertus Maximus. The same is so in theology. Christianity doesn't pay off until you attain the speed of Light. The human mind, a filterable virus, is powerfully opaque for the business of slowing down Light.

Now, after noise and misery, the whole human sludge was drained off onto the new highway of escape. The rector pondered his hymnal; the organist (dear old Miss Trefoil) who does the hymns by automatism, never guessed there was a little malice in his choice of number 494 (*Where cross the crowded ways of life, Where sound the cries of race and clan*) and number 541 (*Ten thousand times ten thousand, In sparkling raiment bright*). I even think there was a touch of honest Protestant bile in the second verse of 541 when the rector sang with such brio, *What ringing of a thousand harps*. Frankly, I have no use for any church or creed that doesn't show a tingle of competitive comedy. Heaven is not for pallid saints but raging and risible men.

But now, miracle or mercy, battered and disregarded little Saint Bypass was posed in one of the most perfect vistas of the world, more startling than Saint Peter's in the East (at Oxford) or San Gimignano (in Italy) from which I guess it was imitated.

As you approached, along the now quiet and curly stem of Wending Ways, you saw the humble church through the vast white quadrature of a gigantic concrete frame. Above, patrolled by humorous guards, taxed by small bells of cash, the populace was in flight. The watchmen, like Scotchmen, took their toll and portioned it among Federal, State, and County. These bypassengers didn't know, or care, from what they fled; they

imbedded their children in dunnage, and the dogs' ears floated wide out of the window; they were glorious with To and Fro, the Castor and Pollux of Democracy. The Army breathed more freely and turned its five-star mind elsewhere.

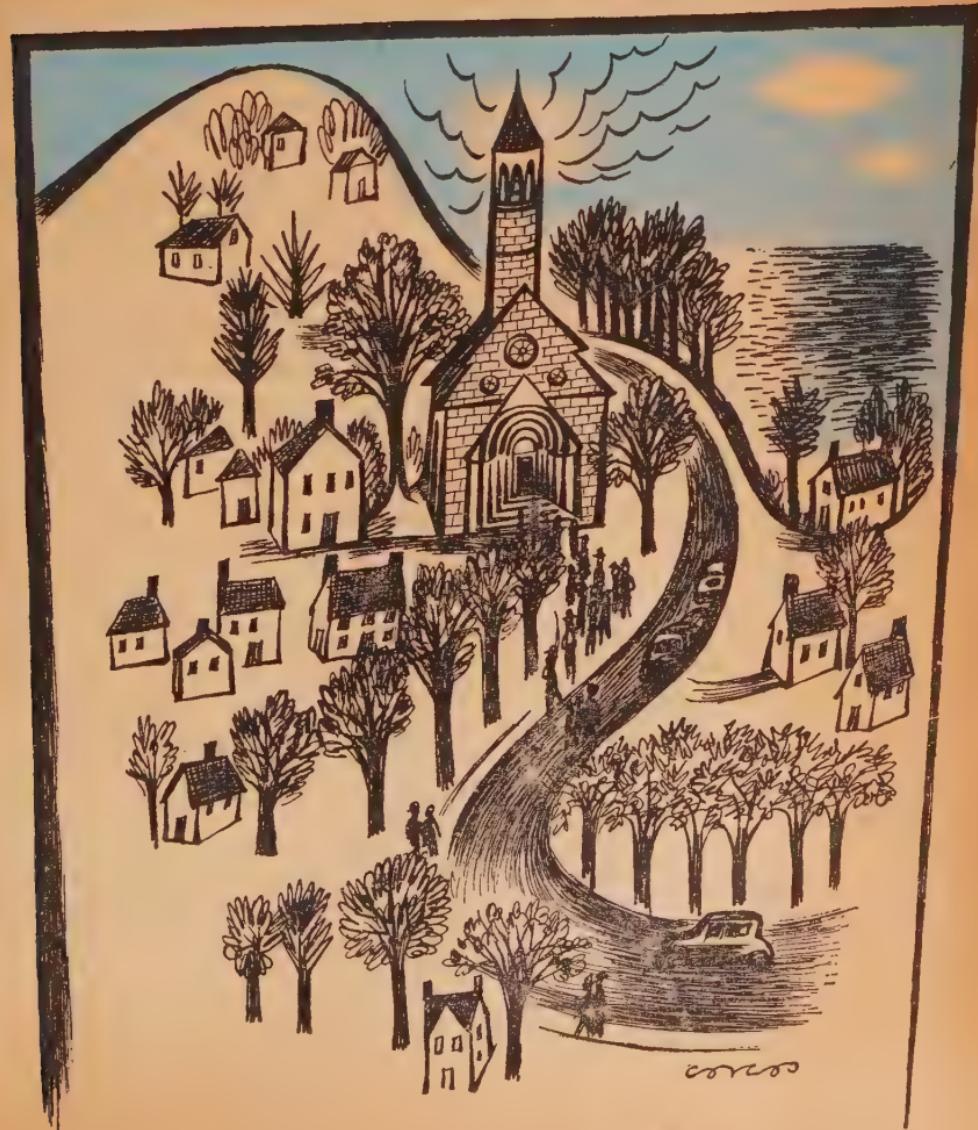
Timidly, gratefully, Saint Bypass' own little congregation found its way back to its needed worship. Again they had a lamp to their feet; the way was no longer perverse. And by some chance of acoustic the great bridge that overloomed the church now resonated the deficit clangor of the bells and lifted them to perfect tune.

Abashed and thwarted so long, Saint Bypass-under-the-Bridge found itself famous. An evening paper wrote (rather too lush) about it; even the *New Yorker* handed down one of those vinaigrette and condescending paragraphs. On the great Alba Longa of the overpass, murmurous with rubber and speed, the social dysentery of Vulnerable City rushed by. You could hear, in pauses of the rector's sermon, the hideous hum (Milton) of people who have to be going somewhere else when we are right here. Ezekiel, who isn't often used as text, came through big in the Concordance: chapter xvii, verse 4, about the young twigs in a land of traffic. And Shakespeare too (thanks to *Bartlett*) was pulpitworthy: "Pass by, and curse thy fill."

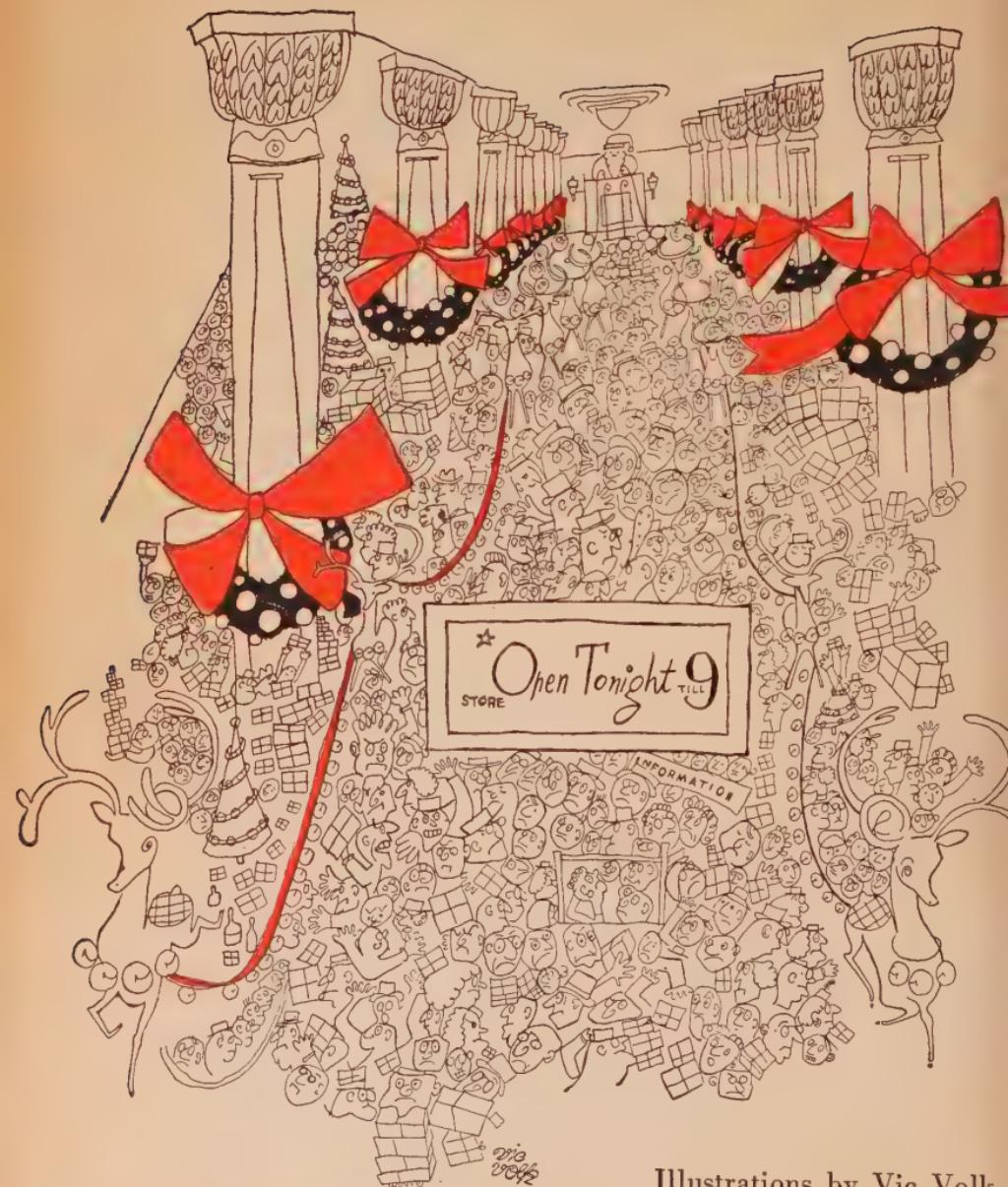
A medium-good etcher, on commission, did a plate of the church seen through the accidental perspective of the Bridge. The Chief of Staff, on his way out to see what the atomic bomb laboratory was doing, stopped there to pray. And well he might; well might we all, except the men who write the headlines. Even prayer has to stop somewhere.

So the Lions and the Kiwanis and the vestry were all wrong. Jeepers, Saint Bypass had something after all. The place for saint or scholar to settle is just off the Main Line where everyone is going somewhere else. The faster the stream flows, the more peaceful are its banks. I wouldn't be surprised if Saint Bypass-under-the-Bridge, same as the Air Force, is full strength by Christmas.

END



120,000



Illustrations by Vic Volk

CHRISTMAS NECKTIES

Behind Macy's merry windows, Yuletide is a 364-day headache—and a \$30,000,000 bonanza

By Lloyd Mann

LAST Christmas Eve, as for many past, a gaunt, conscience-ridden man swirled in the eddies of Christmas shoppers at Macy's department store in New York. Like others, he had delayed until the last moment and was now fighting tooth and nail to beat the advent of the holiday by a few hours. Although a good deal the worse for the battering, he managed to buy a nightgown, an umbrella, a few neckties, and a doll, and then, barnacled with packages, contrived to scrape through the closing gates of the 6:29 to Ozone Park.

That night, as he fumbled with Christmas ribbons, scissors, and label glue, he cursed Macy's and all its tribe. But, compared to the laments of the store's overworked personnel, his were but feeble

• **Lloyd Mann** does his Christmas shopping very early and spends the rest of the year as a free-lance writer.

burps in the roar of a December tempest.

R. H. Macy & Co., the largest store in the world (as its publicity department doesn't dare let you forget), only illustrates on an outsize scale the expense and planning every store from Maine to California must allot to the problem of opening Christmas on time.

During the year, Macy's 180 selling departments carry more than 400,000 different items of merchandise, not counting all the various sizes and colors. The normal staff of 11,000 employees transacts more than 45,000,000 sales annually for a gross of over \$162,000,000. On the surface, it would appear that workers at Macy's had enough to do without fussing with Christmas.

But that's not so. Between Thanksgiving and Christmas almost 20 per cent of the year's total volume of business is trans-



acted, a figure reflected fairly evenly in all departments, except toys and neckwear, where trade more than doubles. That means upwards of \$30,000,000 in sales within five weeks. To handle this extra load, an additional 10,000 salespeople, packers, and helpers are hired, mostly faithful souls who return each winter as regularly as snowflakes.

Macy's toy buyers are the first to feel the spurs. Their planning starts 364 days before Christmas. One reason for this is that many of the store's toys are made according to its own designs, a procedure which involves much manufacturing trial and error. Then, in early spring, the Toy Fair is held

in New York. Here buyers are exposed to hundreds of items, including, for example, water pistols that shoot a hundred times without refilling. When this is over, the buyers must make their pilgrimages abroad to line up Swiss music boxes, Italian homemade dolls, and other gewgaws they think will make America's little Myrons and Myrtles happy one cold morning near the end of the year. By July, the toy men, working with the interior display department, must have settled on the Christmas feature attraction—let us say a running brook stocked with wooden fish that even a one-year-old can hook.

As December approaches, the toy buyers begin to worry about stock. The real headache is arranging for increased deliveries from manufacturers in late November—and later, for possible replenishment. Sometimes it's difficult, even for an expert, to predict the popularity of an item. Twenty special guards had to be hustled in to police the 700 mothers screaming for Magic Skin dolls. Last year, when Macy's was the first store to have a large supply of postwar roller skates, they expected a brisk demand, but nothing like what happened—women tearing each other's hair, kicking and biting like angry mares. The

situation called for tact and force
—and many more skates.

The buying of most Christmas goods must be completed by July. Consequently, the fairs for such other articles as books, dresses, furniture, and housewares are held in the spring and early summer. While you are shopping for bathing suits and sun tan lotions, Macy's buyers, in wilted collars and crumpled skirts, are stocking the shelves for December with fleece-lined jackets and woolen socks.

Although the present trend in Christmas shopping is away from novelties and knickknacks, and toward such utilitarian goods as ice-boxes and pressure cookers, neck-



ties continue to sell in undiminished quantities. Macy's disposed of nearly 120,000 of them last Christmas, 10,000 to 12,000 a day. They are indeed the last refuge of the harassed woman shopper. They are also high on the shoplifter's preferred list and require extreme vigilance on the part of male and female detectives.

Christmas shoplifting, incidentally, is a major concern of all stores, and increases Macy's private police force about 50 per cent. That didn't prevent two artful gentlemen, dressed as workmen, from carrying a canoe out of the store a few years ago. The acute mortification of the store detectives was somewhat assuaged when, the next day, the same thieves were nabbed trying to filch a pair of paddles.

In New York the Christmas shopping season officially opens

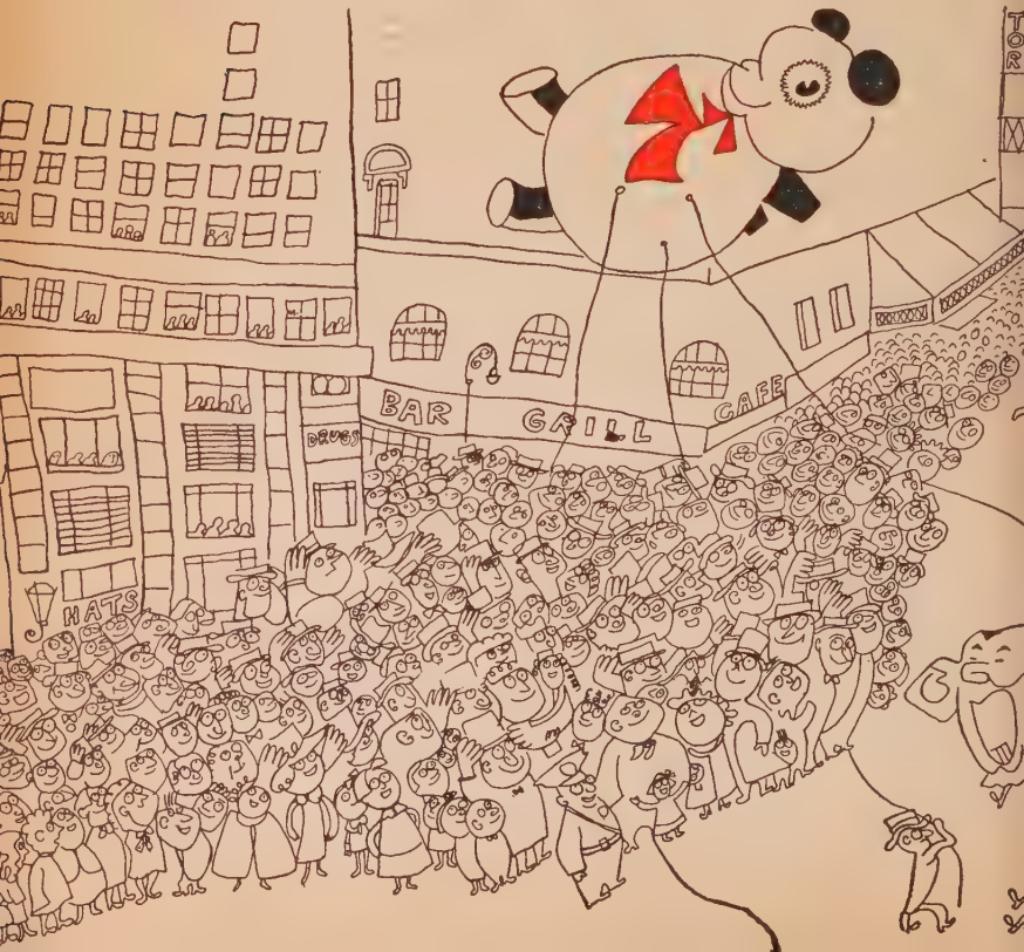
with Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade, the alleged purpose of which is to welcome Santa Claus to the city. To the 2,000,000 parents and wide-eyed children who line Broadway for the occasion, it is a fantastic spectacle.

To prepare this one-day pageant, hundreds of store employees, together with officials of the Goodyear Rubber Company, begin work the previous April.

To save time and money, the huge caricature balloons that fea-

ture the parade each year are adapted as much as possible from those of the previous year, pilgrims being converted to pirates, teddy-bears to pandas. For the parade itself, balloon experts, one for each figure, are brought in from Akron to direct the crews of Macy employees. The 40,000 cubic feet of helium needed to inflate the figures make Macy's the world's largest nonindustrial user of the gas.

Then there are such other details

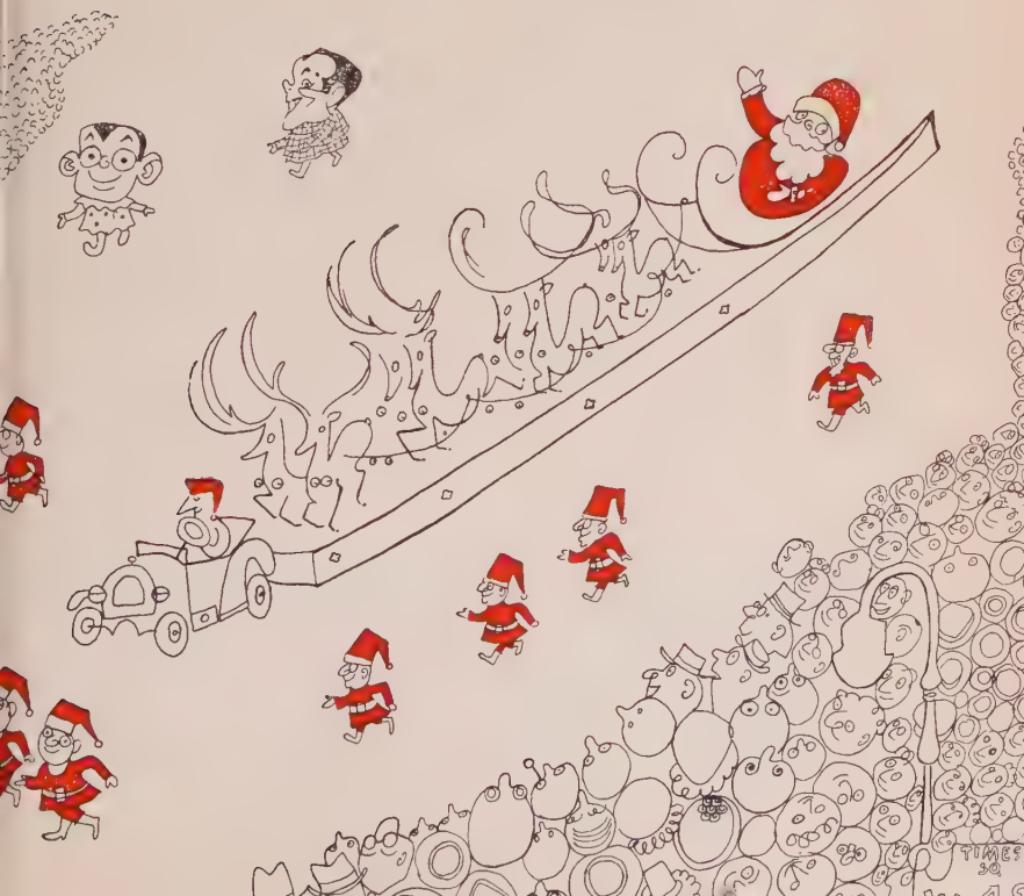


as the hiring of professional clowns and tumblers, and the renting of the costumes worn by more than 500 of the 1,000 participants in the parade.

Macy's number one Santa is Leo Mars, an ex-actor. It is he who generally brings up the rear of the parade and goes through the ceremony of opening the store for Christmas shopping. (Last year, movie star Edmund Gwenn, filming *Miracle on 34th Street*, took his place.) But from then until

Christmas a total of seven Santas, working in shifts, are on duty in various locations in the store. Last year, 125,000 children, clinging to almost as many mothers, came to see the man who embodies Christmas.

In order that each child should believe he was seeing the one and only Santa, an intricate system of routing the crowds was carried out by groups of special guards. This may sound trivial but, after all, who knows what may happen to



the psyche of a child confronted by two Santas?

Last year, plans for the interior Christmas decorations of the store were completed in midsummer. The store spent eight months and \$40,000 on this project—including \$12,000 for colored balls alone. Everything, including ribbon for the wreaths, must be fire-proofed. By November, the decorating staff is increased by 15 per cent and a dozen "bulb boys" are engaged solely to replace burned out bulbs on the trees.

There are also flights of fancy to be molded into tangible form. Such a one is the life-size St. Nicholas, seated in his sleigh and guiding his eight reindeer, swooping over the heads of seething shoppers on the street floor. Presumably it serves to remind worn shoppers that their sacrifices are made for the sake of the season of kindness and selfless giving. It is so popular with the public that the decorators have been restricted to changing only such minor details as the color of the sleigh or the attitudes of the reindeer.

The store's greatest single Christmas feature is the mechanical window display, which actually requires the merging of five normal windows, as well as planning and money enough for a Broadway production. Known as

the "Tony Sarg Stretch," in honor of the late artist who created so many effective displays for Macy's, the windows are designed around a central theme appealing to children. This year it is the life of Santa Claus. The story is divided into twenty-six floats that move on a conveyor belt. Each year a well-known song writer composes an original piece to be broadcast from the display. Some of these tunes, such as *The Wedding of the Wooden Soldier and the Painted Doll*, have become nationally popular. The one you heard this winter was written last August.

Almost as important as the gift you select is the box it comes in. The design for that box is generally approved early in the year, and by Labor Day the initial order for 2,000,000 has been filled. Hundreds of tons of wrapping paper and millions of paper bags must also be stocked. Because of limited storage space in the store during the Christmas bedlam, fourteen stock men move 100,000 boxes each night from the warehouse to the depleted departments.

All kinds of talent are required for the emergencies brought on by the Great Sales Scramble. There is, for example, the chute man, Mike Reynolds, who, clad in protective clothing, dives into the package chute, which spirals from

the top floor to the basement, to unscramble the packages whenever a stoppage occurs. Claustrophobes need not apply. The store's normal hospital staff of thirteen doctors, four dentists, and thirteen nurses reacts by taking on two more doctors. The complement of employees capable of acting as interpreters reaches the surprising total of 400, enough to put the Berlitz system to shame. Even the squads that scrape chewing gum off the floors at night get reinforcements.

The mental conditioning of the sales force and "information" girls is a matter of both applied psychology and exasperation-control. In one day during Christmas week last year, 400,000 customers squeezed into Macy's to spend \$1,460,000, a record for the store.

It was inevitable that among them were some who had never progressed beyond the second grade. Realizing this, the girls were not too surprised at the ever-recurring question, "How do I get to Macy's?" But there were other inquiries requiring more tact. For instance: "Is your quality as high as Gimbel's?" "How do I get two tickets for *Annie Get Your Gun*?" "Have you seen my husband here today?" "Do you ever get tired of your job?"

At Macy's, Christmas is a colossal production staged by millions of actors who start rehearsal on January 1 and work their hardest during the heat waves of July and August. It's a circus-bazaar whose effectiveness is registered in a gate that may, this year, top \$1,500,000 a day.

END

47 *Pre-print*

Schools are mills in which human creatures are moulded to type, clipped and rounded for smooth conveyance of customs and enactments. The less reasoning an individual does on his own account, the less friction, in the operation of the System.



Manufactured Man

The fact is that the current edition of the *genus homo* carrying on life in an organized community is as much a manufactured article as the tools he works with or the clothes he wears. . . . Actually he brings nothing to the land of his birth save the capacity to animate, grow, and sustain for a given term, the corpus of a Chinaman, a Briton, an American, or a German, as determined by the location of the delivery.

—John O'Hara Cosgrave

From "Man: A Citizen of the Universe", Farrar, Straus and Co., Inc. To be published next month.



In Pugava's exuberant talent, Frenchmen see a symbol of their cultural rebirth

Pagava of Paris

Prima ballerina at 15, she is called
this generation's successor to Pavlova

By Irving Wallace

FOR ADMIRERS of the French, the most encouraging sign of a national rebirth lies in the ferment of France's creative arts. The nation's economics and politics may still be overcast, but her arts are once again full of promise. It is perhaps more than casually symbolic of the new morning in French culture that a fifteen-year-old ballet dancer is today the talk of Paris.

France needed Pagava. After five years of the occupation, the French craved new hope. Lucienne Boyer, Maurice Chevalier, Mistinquette, attractive as they were, spoke to the inner spirit of a past that had not been perfect. French-

men wanted a France resurgent. Ethéry Pagava appeared immediately after the liberation. In the universal language of ballet, she spoke not of yesterday but of tomorrow.

Supple, quick, and friendly, she stirred her audiences as no one had in a generation. In her small way, she somehow made France feel proud again.

American audiences will see Pagava dance soon; if she has not visited us earlier, it is because her mentors know how great is the strain of a first world tour. But more than one famous American has already acclaimed her.

It was Pagava whom the late General George S. Patton wanted to see when he came to Paris on leave during the war. His aides, fearing an evening of disappointment, tried to steer the commander

● **Irving Wallace**, free-lance foreign correspondent and magazine writer, lives in Hollywood and once wrote a movie column. His favorite celebrity: Pagava.

to less reputable but bolder entertainment. The General, however, said he would see the ballet or know what so-and-so had failed to get tickets. General Patton saw the ballet. At the end of the evening Pagava had so enchanted the warrior that he went backstage and is said to have given the precocious Prima Ballerina an enthusiastic if chaste kiss on the forehead.

Even French critics today, writing for an undisciplined, uninhibited postwar press, a press usual-

ly cynical concerning all that is sentimental, have been softened by Pagava's remarkable talent and personality: "She dances as a child would play," said a writer in *Cité-Soir*. According to Nice's *Echo de la Côte d'Azur*, "She is plain: a navy-blue dress, neither powder nor rouge, nothing artificial to make people pay attention—nothing but her extraordinary genius."

Pagava is not renowned for her interpretations of standard clas-

At school, Pagava practices the classic ballet; on stage, she dances as a child would play



sics, and until recently had never publicly danced a classical ballet. Nor is she famous as a result of frequent public appearances. She now appears no more than twice a week, though at the outset of her career, between the ages of ten and thirteen, she danced as often as five times weekly. The reasons behind this decrease in the number of her appearances are several: Her future is assured, her greatness is certain. So her instructors and family decided that, despite the momentary sacrifice of publicity and money, she must be brought along slowly. Ballet dancers, like heavyweight fighters, can't be hurried.

Though Pagava herself was born and reared in France, her parents are Russian. They emigrated to Paris, when it was both sensible and fashionable, from Russian Georgia. Pagava is darkly beautiful, with long blonde hair, blue eyes, upturned nose, and a quick smile. Though already marked by the waddling penguin-gait of the ballerina, she moves with natural grace. When she dances, her slender body, maturing and shapely, gives the impression of a Degas girl brought to life.

Her sympathy for music is natural, and her powers of mimicry and her individuality are both

strongly developed. In a single evening she has portrayed with equal success an acrobat, a shepherd, a prostitute, a Sunday school girl. Her sense of dramatics so impressed Marc Allégret, the French movie director who managed Simone Simon's comeback, that he gave Pagava a screen test. After seeing the rushes, he signed her to a contract. She made her first French picture largely because it was an easy way to make money, and she insists that she prefers being Prima Ballerina of the Champs-Elysées Ballet to the prospect of Hollywood.

THE CHAMPS-ELYSEES Ballet is a typical example of French resurgence. A twenty-two-year-old French youth, Roland Petit, who had studied ballet at the State Opera, dreamed during the war of starting a ballet company of his own. After the liberation, Petit gathered about him a company of fresh, unfettered artists, mostly juveniles, mostly talented. Then he went to his father. Petit *père*, the last man on earth to be regarded as a patron of the arts, owned a sidestreet restaurant with a few tables and a zinc bar. He heard out his son's tale, visited a rehearsal of the new company, then quietly withdrew his life's savings from the bank, sold his small

country home, mortgaged his business, and gave his offspring the lump sum necessary to start the Champs-Elysées Ballet.

The company opened formally in June, 1945, and was an instantaneous hit. As a result of its success, it was subsidized by the French Ministry of Education to enable it to make a special tour of France. Acclaim greeted it from Cherbourg to Marseilles. When the itinerary was stretched to include Switzerland, Belgium, Holland, and possibly the United States, all France knew the Champs-Elysées Ballet was here to stay. Roland Petit admitted that the company's success owed a great deal to teamwork, but he also agreed that its sensational reception was largely the result of a single personality, the cradle Pavlova—Pagava.

Ethéry Pagava was born in the fourteenth police district of Paris, one of the poorer sections of the city, in 1932. Her parents spoke their native Georgian around the house. When Pagava was old enough to write her first poems, she wrote them in Georgian. Today she has forgotten the language, and, in fact, knows more English. Her mother recalls that she began dancing at about the age of two. Thereafter, whenever she heard music, she would begin swinging, leaping, and whirling

about in numbers of her own invention. During the summer of 1936, her parents took her with them on a short vacation to Normandy. One day the local priest, preparing an amateur show for visitors, invited Pagava, aged four, to participate. Her parents consented. While the priest tinkled out two Chopin waltzes, Pagava danced. She stopped the show.

Afterward, a gentleman from the audience confronted her parents and asked how much training Pagava had had. Her parents said none. The man was amazed. He explained that he was the piano accompanist to France's foremost male ballet star, Serge Lifar, who had been one of Diaghilev's last discoveries. He argued that a youngster of Pagava's natural abilities should be given ballet training at once.

Pagava's parents were pleased, but neither had the slightest musical background, and neither knew what to do with their remarkable daughter. The pianist suggested they could do no better than send Pagava to Madame Egorova's ballet school in Paris. "Madame Egorova will probably handle your child for nothing," said the pianist. And that was the way it turned out.

Even as she underwent the Prussian discipline of the ballet studio,



Two-year-old Christina dances with as much unaffected charm as her famous sister who accompanies her at the piano

Pagava was beginning to appear constantly in public. She was not yet six when she danced in a festival called *The Ballet of Youth* at the Salle Pleyel, a large concert hall in Paris.

When she was ten years old, and just after she had begun taking six lessons a week instead of two, she was discovered by Roland Petit, then Maître de Ballet of a company that didn't exist. Petit saw her one morning, gliding about Madame Egorova's studio, and hired her. She was promptly cast in her first formal ballet, *Guernica*, and danced it magnifi-

cently with Petit and Janine Charrat in the Pleyel concert hall. After that, she made a series of appearances with Petit and Charrat, apparently regarding the killing tension of the ballet as so much fun. When a reporter at Cannes asked for her definition of ballet she replied, "It's only children playing together."

When she was twelve, Pagava decided, as an experiment, to do something completely on her own. She had her parents rent, for a single evening, the Salle d'Iéna. She had Madame Egorova invite the dance critics. Then, before a

full house, which was on principle antagonistic toward child prodigies and theatrical brats, she embarked on a one-child show. She spun through eight original numbers, each plotted and composed by herself, with the choreography mapped by herself, and with the staging of herself by herself. The individuality was frightening, but Pagava's disarming charm, plus her flawless technique, made it a miniature tour de force, and the critics were melted. Even Jean Cocteau, who had written for Isadora Duncan, admitted that he was moved. Overnight, Pagava became a Paris personality.

Thereafter she appeared regularly in full-dress ballets at the Sarah Bernhardt Theater in Paris, on the road, and with Roland Petit's new unnamed company.

IN 1946 this career took her across the Channel to England. Pagava met the French Ambassador. She ate porridge and fish. She saw an English ballet at Covent Garden. She received the press. Stiff Fleet Street journalists were taken by her naïvete. When one reporter asked what new dresses she'd brought from Paris, Pagava answered gravely, "Only one, which I have on. It's my only new frock since the war. All the rest have been let down at the hem

and had pieces put in at the waist, because, you see, I'm growing."

She returned to the Champs-Elysées Theatre in a series of four ballets, but when the company left for its second tour of England and Switzerland, and its first of Portugal, the United States, and South America, Pagava remained behind to recuperate. Her presence in Paris inspired other ballet groups to bombard her with fat offers. She accepted only one, an invitation tantamount to a command performance, to star at the awesome Opéra in a pageant depicting the history of the dance. She represented an Edgar Degas girl.

Pagava dwells in a cramped three-room apartment on the rue St. Jacques. She lives with her mother, her father, who was a prisoner of the Germans during the war, and her two-year-old sister, Christina. Pagava's room is semiprivate, separated from the rest only by a curtain. The apartment itself is on the fifth floor and can be reached only on foot.

Pagava's routine day begins and ends with housework. Her father, an unobtrusive grocer, is at work most of the time. Her mother, the universal stage mother, is forever hovering about. Since the older woman is now having trouble with her eyes, Pagava must rise at eight, serve the austere breakfast of tea,

dark bread, and what passes for butter, and care for her sister.

After that, Pagava begins her journey, by subway usually, by bicycle when she has more leisure, to Madame Egorova's chilly, familiar studio. The daily session at Madame Egorova's is only one of countless lessons. Often, to brush up on some special point, Pagava will visit another ballet teacher. Then there are piano lessons. And, of course, dramatic lessons. For these she attends the George Rollins school, conducted by a prominent French movie actor. "I do not learn serious drama," Pagava explains, "only comedy." Finally, to save time in her regular schooling, Pagava has a tutor at the apartment every afternoon. She admits being miserable in algebra but thinks she is good at literature.

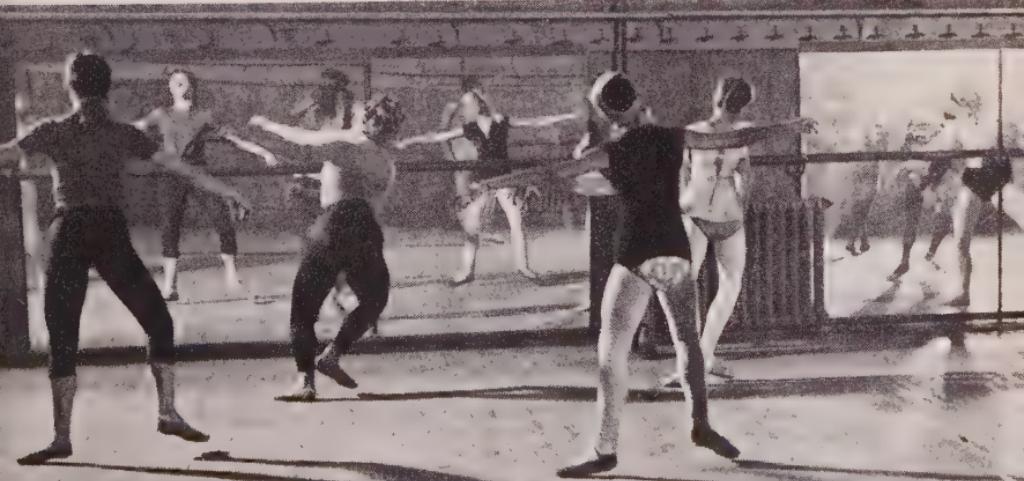
Since she must be in bed fairly

early every evening, there is little time for recreation. In summer she will, whenever possible, take off for an hour's swim or for rowing on the Seine.

Most of Pagava's evenings, when she isn't performing, are taken up with celebrities—painters, authors, photographers—who drop by. In the midst of all this attention, Pagava sits in her red jacket, yellow pleated skirt, short socks, and golf-style shoes—a remarkably unspoiled girl. She wants only one thing—to dance the ballet better than it has ever been danced before, so that it may one day be said of Ethéry Pagava, as Diaghilev said of Anna Pavlova, "She is the greatest ballerina in the world . . . she doesn't dance, but floats . . . she could walk over a cornfield without bending an ear."

END

Photographs by Gjon Mili



Warning!

A word to the wise should be sufficient!

All Confidence,

Bunco and

Sure-thing Men,

And all other objectionable characters
Are notified to leave Skaguay and

White Pass Road Immediately.

And to remain away.

Failure to comply with this warning
will be followed by prompt action.

101.

Skaguay, Alaska, Mch. 8, 1898.

Alaska welcomes newcomers, but they'd better be willing to work.



To many of its citizens,
our rich northern territory
has been only a stepfatherland

Alaskan Blues

By Gilbert W. Gabriel
Photographs by Oscar Sweet

ALASKANS generally look blue. This is the result not of low spirits—although that may play a part—but of a curiously harsh light that pervades much of the region.

It comes, this blue light, from giant range-tops and glaciers, monotinting the finest lot of lantern-slide scenery in the world. It even gives a not unattractive azure tint to those isolated congeries of four or five thousand permanent inhabitants, plank pavements, concrete municipal buildings, and corrugated tin store-fronts which

serve for cities in Alaska. It furnishes the color for the territorial flag, and also for a great many Alaskans' chins and souls. Life up there remains a clean, tough, none-too-cheerful blue. Alaskans say they love it.

In more ways than just geographically, Alaska is the chip on America's shoulder. And a mighty big chip it is. Get into an argument with any Alaskan about where and how he lives, and he will immediately slap a map of his Territory onto a corresponding map of the continental United States and show you that Alaska stretches all the octaves from Georgia to California, and that it bulks a good one-to-five in actual

• **Gilbert W. Gabriel**, novelist and drama critic, spent some of the war years in Alaska as Chief of Alaska Mission, Overseas Branch of OWI.



Two typical Alaskans; a Kodiak Island beauty of Russian-Norwegian-Indian ancestry; and a former prospector who made his stake in real estate, not gold



King Islanders wear these wooden masks in tribal dances, then eat ice cream

acreage. It is a vast region, or rather a collection of regions, all different in nature, topography, and climate, but all vast—and don't you forget that, you *chechakho!*

Also, unless he is one of those professional Ninety-Eighters with picturesque whiskers who hang around the Anchorage bars looking for a GI treat, your dyed-in-the-blue Alaskan hates the romantic aura with which he has been surrounded in pulp prose and post-card jingle. He keeps a clothing store or runs a lunchroom just as often as he mines gold or hunts caribou—and he probably makes more as a merchant, too. He belongs to the lodge, and his wife to the church, and his daughter wears a handsome homemade dress to bi-weekly dances (Indian and Eskimo maidens strictly forbidden).

Nor has your average Alaskan swallowed much of today's talk about Alaska's tomorrow as the inevitable hub of the airways of the entire universe. Nor does he lap up all those glowing interviews given out in his praise by Congressmen back from junkets. To the average Alaskan, that's just so much bunk. His is a real land—for realists only.

His chief gripe, in fact, is that there are more misconceptions of Alaska than there ever will be

Alaskans to correct them. "The best way to know Alaska," begins Merle Colby's excellent *Guide to Alaska* (Federal Writers' Project), "is to spend a lifetime there." But pitifully few people have spent a lifetime there. And virtually everyone who hasn't persists in thinking of it as all ice, all whale-blubber, or all volcanos, with an occasional American farmer tossed in to keep the Matanuska Valley incredibly green or a lone American missionary to work miracles of cleanliness and culture among the inland Indians. You can't buy a complete understanding of Alaska along with every tourist-shop's toy totem pole—even a genuine Haida-carved one, which it probably won't be.

For another thing, there's that nonstatehood complex. Hawaiians suffer from it, but Alaskans do even more so. They are lonely about not living in a state, and most of them are aggrieved and therefore more loudly and perhaps more intensely American than all the rest of the citizens of the nation combined. If you don't believe that, try making the mistake of sending an Alaskan a letter with foreign-rate postage on it. And remember, the Alaskans really did see the war—right in their own barnyard.

Before the war, the Territory's

586,400 square miles had a total population of only about 72,000. Roughly half of this was white, half what is called Native. The Armed Forces would probably hem and haw over the official figures of how much their presence added to this population. A safe surmise is that it temporarily quadrupled. How many skeletonized outfits remain on garrison and airfield duties is something for the Washington investigating committees to tell or not to tell.

Everyone expected that the influx during the war would result in a great increase in the permanent population. There were all those imported and highly paid construction workers—they had to be highly paid to live in that expensive land at all—who might be persuaded to stay on. There were plenty of GI's who, after cussing the twenty-hour nights of midwinter, swore to return and take up homesteads on the Kenai Peninsula. Well, some did. Some are still going to. Some; but hardly in such numbers as the sentimentalists had hoped—or, to be blunt about it, as the Alaskans had feared.

They have a familiar slogan up there: "Alaska for the Alaskans." That may sound surly, but it rings true. They will welcome newcomers—but the newcomers had better

be shoemakers, not philosophers. They kick at the recurrent notion of having whole colonies planted among them. They are generally more friendly and less prejudiced than most Americans, but they do balk at accepting humanity wholesale. What they want, frontier-style, is a handy, hardy, self-preserving assortment of persons, skilled laborers preferred, who will make a whole life's career in and of Alaska; who will help take it away from certain Seattle capitalists; who won't give it back to the Indians, sell it back to the Russians, or scoot Outside again as soon as they have made their pile. According to the most sober optimists, present-day Alaska can take and support about 200,000 persons—and no more.

Yesterday's Alaskan used to get rich and then get out. Many didn't get rich, but they, too, enjoyed getting out—if only to die. Even today, your average white Alaskan finds an excuse to fly to Juneau and sail down to the States every four or five years. He loves the region, but it is usually his wife—a strapping, demanding wife—who wants a fling where cities are cities, roads are really paved, and trains offer reasonably easy travel; where houses needn't be igloo-small to solve the winter heating problem; where motion pictures



Point Barrow Eskimos rarely see a white man, and are a particularly happy lot
ALASKAN BLUES

This King Island Eskimo matriarch finds Nome's civilization no blessing



needn't be brought in before the ice forms and then played over and over until the thaws come; where most of the radio programs don't come out of cans; where, incidentally, a ready-made shirt or a frozen steak doesn't have to travel two thousand extra miles and cost double; where, in short, a man isn't still at the mercy of that bluest of all blues: a sense of risky, hard-pressing isolation.

As for the Native—either Indian, Eskimo, or Aleut—he just stays put. He generally has to, unless, like the Aleutian islanders during the war, he is taken bodily and transferred to a safer place.

The southeastern Indian—a Tlingit, ethnically speaking—lives mostly by fishing and fish-canning. His squaw weaves the marvellous Chilkat blanket, an intricately designed ceremonial shawl; and he himself has adopted most of the white man's ways, good and bad. The Indians up in the interior, Athapascans, trap for fur, herd their reindeer, and are a grimmer, sorrier, sicklier lot. When they are healthy, they can go to government trade schools. When they aren't, tuberculosis is only one of their troubles.

As for the Eskimo, his is an entirely different story—he is Alaska's darling. He lives along the Bering Sea, the Bering Strait, and

the Arctic Ocean, on the deltas, and on such islands as King, St. Lawrence, and Little Diomede. He and his wife and children, along with his grandfather, probably constitute the most completely contented unit in Alaska—an honest, generous, sweet-tempered, habitually smiling people. He insists that he lives in a house of skins, even though it has an outside covering of beach-stone or driftwood. He hunts seal and bow-whale with much ceremony, carves walrus-ivory, paddles over and sells it in Nome during the all-day summer, and—since he neither needs nor cares for white man's money—puts all of his earnings into government bonds. Every now and then he gets into his kayak and goes to call on his Siberian cousins, but he is none the less as proudly American as any ex-Finn woodsman, any former New Jersey fishing-fleet man in Ketchikan. No one in the community worships a fetish more devotedly than he does his American sewing machine.

Against even this pet Eskimo, however, Alaskan whites practise Jim Crowism. Undisturbed by such social inequities, many think of Alaska's mixture of races only as providing a paradise of camera types. It certainly is that—with ten Norways for backgrounds. But it still looks blue.

END

When the Flag Goes By

An interim report on the
emotional luxury called
patriotism

BY STUART AND MARIAN CHASE

A CLASS of three-year-olds is playing singing games. Around-the-Maypole ends. The teacher strikes a stirring chord on the piano. Tommy is sent to get the flags, and comes back proudly. One of the flags is mounted on a chair. Hands on hearts, the children face it. "I pledge allegiance to the flag." Their voices ring out, their eyes shine. Half of

them now take flags and form a circle. One by one the other children are admitted into the circle with this song:

*Soldier boy, soldier boy, where are
you going,
Bearing so proudly the red, white,
and blue?*

*I'm going for my country where
duty is calling.
If you will be a soldier boy, you
may go too!*



Illustrations by Robert Osborn

When the last child has come in, all begin to march around the room, their faces alight, waving their flags. The teacher tells us that some of the children, when they first came to school a few weeks earlier, did not recognize the United States flag.

On a February morning in 1945, an elderly lady in New Jersey is reading her paper. A photograph catches her attention. She brings the paper closer, then drops it. Her eyes fill with tears. For a long time she sits in her chair by the window, crying quietly.

The picture shows a large white building ten thousand miles away. The lady has never seen it. No one she knows has been near it. But over the door the American flag is shown flying. The flag has come back to the Philippines, and the sight of it makes her weep with joy and pride and love.

From the beginning of life to the end runs the strong, hot feeling we call patriotism. In one sense it is the noblest sentiment a human being can feel. In another sense it can be the strongest human force in the world, transcending at times a man's attach-

ment to family, friends, religion.

But since August 6, 1945, patriotism may have become something more—an emotional luxury which you and I can no longer afford. Can it be replaced with feelings of similar intensity for that one world about which idealists dream? This is perhaps the most important question in the world today. But to answer it requires an understanding of what lies behind the behavior we call "patriotic." Where do these powerful emotions originate? How do they develop—until they often blot out the instinct for personal survival itself?

The authors of this article have made a rough chain-and-compass survey of findings about patriotism in the literature of the social sciences. The evidence falls into three main categories: (1) group psychology, (2) the ego and national pride, and (3) patriotic symbols. Some of the evidence is very competent; but there are still many gaps to be filled.

Graham Wallas, the English political scientist who developed the theory of government by specialists, once inquired, "When a man dies for his country, what does he die for? Romans have died for a bronze eagle on the wreathed staff, Englishmen for a flag, Scotsmen for the sound of the pipes." Ask an American to define patriotism

• **Stuart Chase** has devoted the larger part of a score of books to cross-examination of our basic values and concepts. On several he has collaborated with his wife, **Marian Chase**.

and he will probably offer symbols, too: "The Statue of Liberty, the Star-Spangled Banner, Nathan Hale, 'Breathes there a man,' the Lincoln Memorial — you know what I mean."

The historical record is studded with patriotic heroes of all nations, from the defenders of Thermopylae to the *kamikaze* pilots of Japan. Sometimes the loyalty passes from one sovereign to another. Washington served his British king against the French, and, after Lexington, the young Republic against the British king. Robert E. Lee served the Republic in the Mexican War, and then the Confederacy. Neither hero has ever been seriously charged with inconsistency.

Patriotism is clearly an extremely complex sentiment. If it were a new lethal chemical in the hands

of an enemy, we would spare no expense to learn its nature. Teams of experts would be probing the unknown with microscopes, spectrographs, and other stupendous apparatus. But no such attention has ever been given to a sentiment stronger, more dangerous, and more mysterious than any military weapon—although modern demagogues have learned (and put to use) a few of the techniques by which it may be manipulated.

A mass of data assembled by social scientists on group loyalty, teamwork, and clan solidarity has distinct bearing on the nature of patriotism. For instance, there is the anthropologists' distinction between what they call the "In-group," to which *we* belong, and the "Out-group"—the rest of the world whom we tend to distrust and dislike.



Among the psychologists, Freud made a penetrating study of loyalty, which he thought of primarily as love for a leader by members of his group. Such loyalty has a special strength because, unlike almost every other human relation, the tie with the leader is an attachment *with repressed hostility*. The attachment to fellow-members of the group is also strong—a close identification. Freud thought (we shall come back to this point later) that this feeling could afford relief for a divided ego. But he did not fully explain what becomes of the hostile feelings which are so happily absent in this group relation.

Field and laboratory studies of groups and teamwork also emphasize what a rich source of energy is tapped when individuals can be brought to work together for a common goal. In such circumstances the whole may be far greater than the sum of its parts. Is this also because the hostility is removed? If so, where does it go?

Among primitive tribes, the anthropologists have found that hostile feelings tend to be projected away from the "In-group" and upon the "Out-group." Toward the Out-group most tribes show fear and hostility, especially when it is unfamiliar. Suppose you have never seen the people on the other

side of the mountain. Travelers say these strangers are fierce, two-headed monsters. How are you to know better? Naturally you are on the lookout for the two-headed people and warn your children about them. If a stranger does come by, you may reach for your blow-gun without stopping to count the stranger's heads.

The In-group organization is obviously necessary for a community legal system. We see this as we follow the solidification of a frontier community, say a gold-rush town, from the anarchy of the six-shooter to an elected sheriff. But also, though less obviously, the Out-group may be necessary to stability. "If we could imagine a state of affairs in which such a group did not exist," says the British anthropologist I.D. MacCrone, writing about African tribes, "It would become necessary to invent one, if only to enable members of the In-group to deal with conflicts, internal and external, without wrecking their own group." Fear of the foreigner causes better co-operation at home.

But these are primitive tribes. Surely civilized communities have outgrown the need to deal with others on a basis of fear, suspicion, and prejudice. Or have they? Were not all Japanese soldiers "yellow monkeys" to their white



Western foes?

Is the Out-group a psychological necessity? Is it really impossible to love one's own people without hating other people? If the Out-group is essential, must *homo sapiens* either invent hostile creatures on Saturn preparing to take off against him in rocket ships, or abandon the one-world idea altogether? We shall see that the alternatives are not so simple.

Most authorities agree that children are loaded with a considerable charge of hostility. It may be reduced, they also agree, by a maximum of affection and a minimum of woodshed justice. The little savage may be tamed without driving too much resentment deep into his unconscious.

Methods of taming vary with the culture. The training of a Japanese child, for instance, differs widely from that of an American child. He is first pampered, according to the anthropologist Ruth Benedict, then teased and threatened. Duty to the emperor is a debt to be paid; failure in school is punished with ostracism.

Every child in every community on earth has to be tamed by some method or other, and this taming process, the psychologists assure us, no matter how gentle, still results in shifting hostility to more and more distant objects. A child is taught to love his small brother, but the little boy next door is "bad" and "naughty" and therefore hateful. At school the child

and his brother and the boy next door all manage to get along pretty well by heaping indignities on the grade below, until the principal asks the whole school to come out and cheer for the football team. Then the boys work up a keen antagonism against the misbegotten young men of a high school in another community.

From the first grade, there develops a whole series of overlapping circles, with the boy himself at the center of each one. More and more people come into his various In-groups. As the boundaries of hostility recede, the Out-groups may grow so remote that they are never seen, and their characteristics may become quite imaginary. Those "dirty foreigners" or "Fascists" or "Communists"—it helps to have a name to call them—are the people to blame when things go wrong, and the less we know about them, the easier it is to blame them.

H. G. Wells in *A Modern Utopia* gives us a classic example of the widening-circle effect in the description of the botanist who accompanied the hero of the book on his strange journey:

"He has a strong feeling for systematic botanists as against plant physiologists, whom he regards as lewd and evil scoundrels in this relation; but he has

a strong feeling for all botanists and indeed all biologists, as against physicists, and those who profess the exact sciences, all of whom he regards as dull, mechanical, ugly-minded scoundrels in this relation; but he has a strong feeling for all who profess what he calls Science, as against psychologists, sociologists, philosophers, and literary men, whom he regards as wild, foolish, immoral scoundrels in this relation; but he has a strong feeling for all educated men as against the working man, whom he regards as a cheating, lying, loafing, drunken, thievish, dirty scoundrel in this relation; but so soon as the working man is comprehended together with these others, as *Englishmen*, he holds them superior to all sorts of Europeans, whom he regards. . . ."

But there are certain ways of offsetting these hostile feelings. Many social psychologists believe that much hostility can be discharged on a relatively harmless level through competitive sport and other kinds of nonlethal competition. This theory is advanced in William James's classic essay, *A Moral Equivalent for War*.

Another encouraging offset appears in the findings of a brilliant psychologist, the late Kurt Lewin. Dr. Lewin and his colleagues at

the University of Iowa set up three types of boys' clubs and checked the behavior of the members. The first group was run on leaderless, anarchical lines; the second on democratic lines; the third on dictatorial lines. It was found that the anarchical group was inefficient and dissatisfied, and that the dictator-controlled group usually vented its frustrations on a scapegoat or an Out-group. But the democratic group seemed contented and productive and showed little need for a hostility outlet.

It would be easy to fill several pages with definitions of both patriotism and nationalism. The result would be confusing. Even *nation* is hard to define—so hard that one authority calls it "a people possessing a developed national consciousness." This sort of thing soon has the reader running in circles. For clarity we should hold on to the idea that patriotism applies to a person, nationalism to an institution. Nationalism might be called the political power-drive of an organized state, which depends for success on the patriotic responses of its citizens, as well as on its armed forces.

Yet a community can be staunchly patriotic without fighting, as the Swiss have demonstrated for some centuries. Pa-

triotism can exist without armies, and armies have existed without patriotic soldiers, as mercenary battalions down the ages bear witness. Unarmed patriotism is perhaps the most appealing kind—patriotism in the sense of attachment to the home place.

Our modern nationalism, according to historians, first appeared with the Treaty of Westphalia, some three centuries ago, as the Holy Roman Empire broke up. Italians and Germans in the nineteenth century had to enlarge their patriotic feelings rapidly as in each country a Great Power crystallized from the amalgam of smaller states. Many Britons have expanded their loyalty from the British Isles to the Empire. Lately Americans have at least thought about the Western Hemisphere as their homeland. The circles change, perhaps enlarge.

War, of course, is a great unifier. After Pearl Harbor, an America which had seemed about to split asunder with political, financial, and labor-management quarrels, closed ranks and marched in step—well, 90 per cent in step—until V-J Day shattered the rhythm. In the war our hostilities against home groups were pooled in a great sea of anger against the enemy abroad, while, as every air raid warden in a small town

learned, our pooled affections made the town for once a kindly, co-operative community.

Though our internal, domestic hostilities have now been resumed, there does not seem to have been a corresponding drop in international hostility. In the world of 1947, under the threat of atomic warfare, the feeling of insecurity has reached an all-time high. The We-versus-They pattern of the post-war world on a global scale is already lamentably clear. Our In-group has now grown and shifted to include the Western peoples, and the Out-group the Russian-dominated peoples.

An extrapolator might chart some progress in resolving the dilemma of nationalism, on the theory that the American In-group now encompasses all the Western Hemisphere, the British Empire, Western Europe, Africa, the Pacific Ocean, Japan, and half of Korea. But there is still an exceedingly dynamic Out-group to act as a foil. Two worlds *can* be more dangerous than half a dozen. Your "enemy" is more specific.

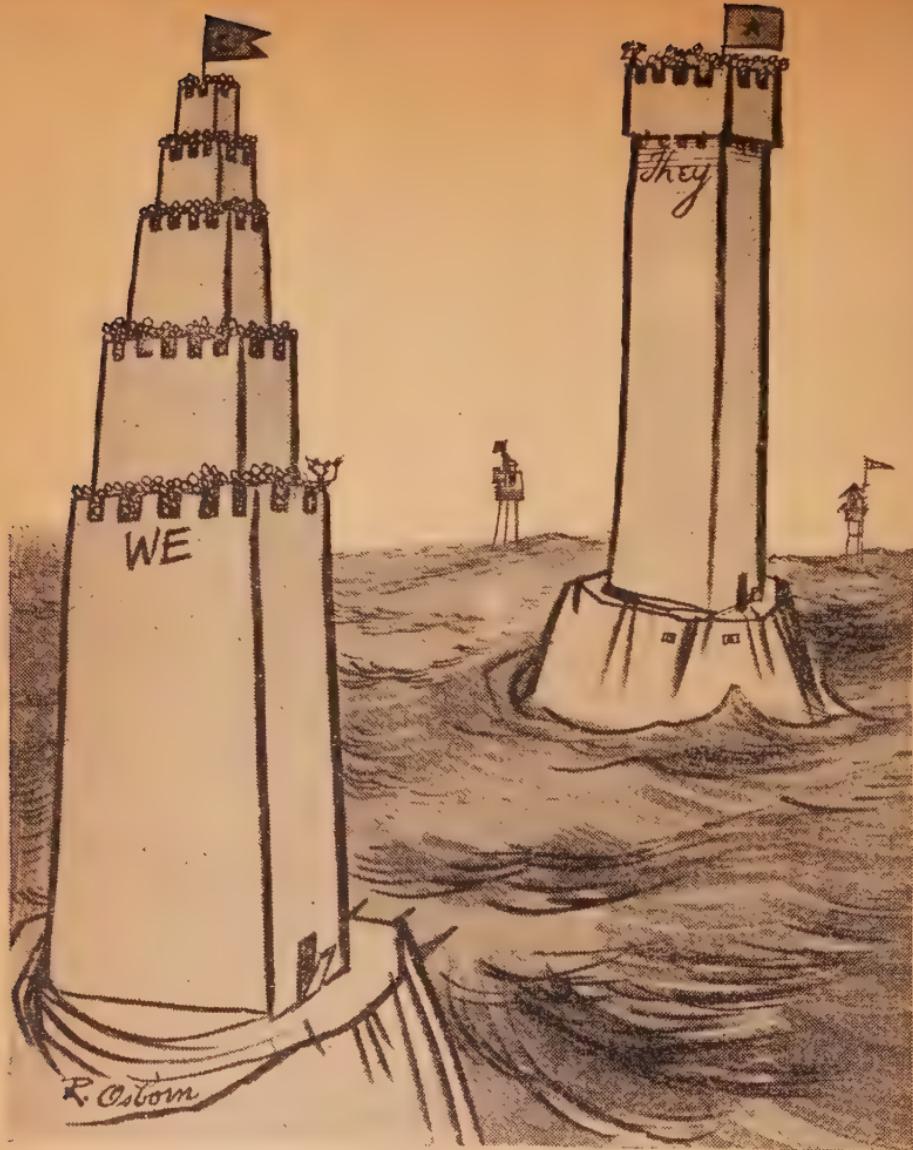
Pride is certainly an ingredient of patriotism. One's sense of personal importance increases when one identifies himself with the nation. This has especial potency for people who otherwise are on the Casper Milquetoast side. A timid

soul takes courage from the company of his fellows.

We are better than you are! We are *right!* I am right because I belong to the United States—or to the Soviet Union, or to Poland, which once won a military victory over Russia and thus acquired eternal superiority. It is remarkable how many causes for pride a true patriot discovers even in the smallest nation. If all else fails, he can still boast that Albania is a Sovereign State.

Freud, we remember, thought that loyalty to a group helps to unify a split and disordered personality, and he explained technically how this can come about. The image of the leader is substituted for the "ego-ideal . . . A number of individuals . . . have substituted one and the same object for their ego-ideal and have consequently identified themselves with one another in their ego."

Freud was talking of a small group where the members know each other face to face. But the process can be similar in larger units. Think of the split personalities who flocked to Hitler. Many a neurotic must have been strengthened by his semireligious devotion to the Führer. Indeed there is a borderline where patriotic and religious responses are almost indistinguishable. More



dominant characters among the Nazis also enjoyed the sanction given to their sadistic impulses. When Hitler railed against the Jews, and young Nazis went out

and broke shop windows, where was their good German conscience? Superseded, according to Freud, by their ego-ideal.

The ego-ideal, the super-ego,

and the conscience, all highly abstract concepts, seem to overlap in psychoanalytic writing. A child's conscience grows out of his picture of what older people label "right" and "good." From this restraining conscience he can be released, sometimes with a violent burst of energy, through the identification which Freud describes. He no longer has to adjust to society—he is part of it. He "loses himself" in something greater. Together with his gang or group, he feels stronger than the world.

The ego is at best, however, a slippery concept. Gordon Allport, professor of psychology at Harvard, has written a forthright article calling upon psychologists to bury their vested interests and unite in trying to clarify it. In summarizing what knowledge there is, he cites case after case where an experiment goes smoothly until the subject's ego—or sense of status, or self-regarding imagery, or whatever you decide to call it—becomes involved. When that happens, the results are distorted like radio reception in a thunderstorm.

The vagueness of technical theory about the ego does not prevent people from dealing with it on a common-sense basis, but it does prevent them from knowing what happens. The theory offers

no basis for reliable prediction, which is the unfailing test for a genuine science. Every human relation, from teaching to business management to marriage, requires careful consideration of some individual's ego, often a whole zoo of egos. Grave questions of state may depend on the manipulation of the ego of a foreign diplomat.

Perhaps the concerted attack, for which Dr. Allport calls, will catch up with and surpass the common sense of an understanding teacher, or the worldly wisdom of an ambassador. As it is now, the wit came uncomfortably close to the truth who observed that no psychologist knows so much as a good headwaiter. The spark which awakens these group sentiments in the individual is usually a patriotic symbol. Here is an account from Roald Amundsen's book, *The South Pole*:

"I find it impossible to express the feelings that possessed me at this moment. All the sledges had stopped, and from the foremost of them the Norwegian flag was flying. It shook itself out, waved so that the silk rustled; it looked wonderfully well in the pure, clear air and the shining white surroundings. . . . We were farther south than any human being had been. No other moment of the whole trip

affected me like this. The tears forced their way to my eyes; by no effort could I keep them back. Luckily I was some way in advance of the others, so that I had time to pull myself together and master my feelings before reaching my comrades. We all shook hands . . . We had won our way far by holding together, and we would go farther yet—to the end."

Amundsen, his four Norsemen, and his dog teams have hit $88^{\circ} 23'$, well beyond Shackleton's mark, and, in the teeth of the British lion, the South Pole will go to little Norway! Group solidarity has won against the frozen Antarctic wilderness, as well as against the competing British explorers. In these circumstances the sight of the Norwegian flag touches Amundsen to his innermost being.

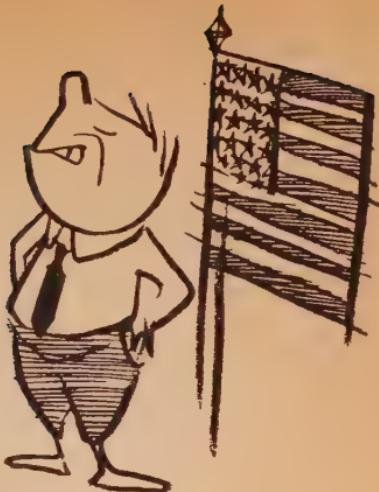
So it is with our lady reading about the reconquest of the Philippines. She is not indulging a hatred for Japanese, or rejoicing for prisoners released, or indeed thinking about people at all. She is thinking, or rather feeling, about a piece of colored cloth. The picture must have touched some mental trigger.

When pupils in a Kentucky school before the war were shown flags of various nations, the young ones all voted the red elephant of

Siam the prettiest. Only the oldest pupils, after thorough conditioning, consistently preferred the Stars and Stripes—on grounds of beauty. This esthetic factor seems confusing at first, but on second thought it really clarifies the issue. When one has learned to love the flag, he can no longer look at it objectively as a mere arrangement of colors. It is beautiful because of the *feeling it arouses*. Perhaps this feeling begins as a "reduction of anxiety," as one student has put it; or perhaps the pride of identification helps to produce the thrill. In either case, repetition strengthens it. The more frequent the occasions on which one has been thrilled by the flag—such as the sight of the 82nd Airborne swinging up Fifth Avenue—the stronger the thrill becomes. The flag seems to hang at a sort of emotional crossroads, where pathways to one's deepest feelings intersect. The same may be said of the national anthem.

All these keys to strong indi-





vidual feeling produce still stronger feeling in a singleminded group. Again the whole becomes greater than its parts. Churches, fraternities, colleges, use similar keys to arouse loyalty. An old fence in New Haven causes men to grow faint. Far from conflicting with national patriotism, however, such loyalties usually reinforce it. "For God, for country, and for Yale." In the late war, loyalty to country often merged with loyalty to an industrial firm, with a special E flag to commemorate an outstanding production of weapons.

To some people, religious symbols are even stronger than patriotic ones. When the two have merged, as in the Crusades, where the Cross stood for the armies of the Christian nations, the output of

energy and fanaticism has known no bounds. Little children were sent on one Crusade and died *en masse*.

In the hands of demagogues, all these symbolic keys can be used with diabolical effect. The fasces of Mussolini and the swastika of Hitler were so used. "The larger a country is," Walter Sulzbach warns us in his recent book, *National Consciousness*, "the more its inhabitants are unknown to one another, the greater is the significance of symbols."

All of which clearly points to a need for supranational symbols to correspond with a supranational loyalty to all mankind. The Red Flag may once have been genuinely international, but is so no longer. The Cross, too, is supposed to stand above all nations, and the

Pope's influence has often been used to moderate excessive nationalism. But too often when the Holy Father calls for peace his communicants fail to listen. Perhaps we should now lose no time in inventing and adopting a beautiful flag and a stirring anthem for the United Nations.

Let us assume that it *is* possible to expand the boundaries of patriotism until they are coterminous with the planet. In that case, what becomes of the Out-group? On whom, on what, shall we discharge the hostility that seems always to be a complement to patriotism? In other words, can there be any group loyalty without an enemy?

There are three points to remember here. First, we can think of the safety valves of sport and peaceful competition in William James's *Moral Equivalent*. Second, we must realize that if patriotism were once thoroughly detached from armed forces, our hostile feelings would lose much of their nourishment. Third, we can recall the friendliness of the democratic group in Kurt Lewin's experiments. A truly democratic world,

whose citizens have a single, supranational loyalty, might not need an Out-group to hate.

Our chain-and-compass survey is ended. What have we found? Enough at least for some tentative conclusions.

We have found that patriotism is but one of a widening series of group loyalties, though perhaps the most complex and compelling of them today. It starts early, and lasts late. In the form of allegiance to the nationalistic state, it is at most three centuries old.

We have found that patriotism helps to expand and exalt the ego, as do all group loyalties—church, fraternal organization, labor union, club. We have found that patriotism can be touched off with explosive emotional force by symbols, especially flags and songs.

Is this knowledge sufficient to enable us to design effective controls for the more destructive aspects of patriotism? No. We need far more knowledge on each of these three main points. For instance:

What are the limits and relationships of In-groups and Out-



groups? Is it possible deliberately to plan a transfer of loyalties or hostilities?

How does the ego really work, and what is its connection with national pride?

How do symbols exert their trigger action? Can they be shifted to strengthen or weaken group loyalties?

During the war, teams of social scientists were organized, with ample funds, and asked to find the answers to such questions as how soon Japanese morale would collapse, and what could be done to make the natives of Okinawa co-operate with the American invaders. Brilliant answers were sometimes forthcoming, answers which saved lives and hastened victory.

These invaluable techniques should be continued. While the physicists and engineers explore the possibilities of atomic energy at Oak Ridge, we need teams of psychologists, of anthropologists, and sociologists to explore the possibilities of patriotic energy.

Can men afford patriotism in the atomic age? The evidence presented warrants a cautious Yes and No. Obviously we must not let it blaze out in atomic warfare. UNESCO is said to be considering the revision of school textbooks in the various nations to remove nationalist prejudice without interfering with patriotism—a delicate operation, to say the least. It is not too difficult in peacetime to separate harmless forms of pa-

triotism from destructive forms—but who can guarantee that they will stay separate? The same fire that cooks the roast can burn down the house.

We know that patriotism is not inborn. It is a pattern which every child learns from his culture, as he learns to put on his clothes. Conceivably it could be transformed in one generation by deliberate social planning. But who is going to teach the teachers?

One cannot watch children in nursery schools, or go through scientific literature, without feeling that control is possible. We *could* make this powerful sentiment work for mankind, rather than surrender ourselves to it. Somewhere, transference to a less lethal group loyalty could be built in. Somehow, flags and songs could be made to touch off emotion for an In-group embracing all mankind.

END



TURKEY IN THE MORNING

Title: Breakfast with Jack & Honeybunch

Author: JOHN LARDNER

Time: 3 P.M. December 25th

Setting: Moonbeam's breakfast nook

THE RADIO fans of America who fight their way out of bed at sunup to hear Dorothy & Dick eat breakfast from coast to coast—and the same thing goes for the followers of Ed & Pegeen, and Tex & Jinx—are in a desperate state of uncertainty as Christmas Day draws near. Will these public grazers feed at breakfast time, while their audience has its hands full unloading stockings and swap-pings cravats, or will they give their fans a little leeway by attacking the turkey after midday, like everyone else?

Of course, most husband-wife breakfast teams, being licensed to

• **John Lardner**, when not busy turning off breakfast-chatter programs, writes sports columns (some of which are collected in his latest book, *It Beats Working*), humor, and drama criticism.

bring sunshine to man and beast alike, are herbivorous. At the worst, they are farinivorous—Dick takes a muffin now and then, and so does Pegeen. But to mangle a fowl on a national hook-up is something else again.

I am in no position to speak for Tex & Jinx, or Ed & Pegeen, or Dorothy & Dick. However, my wife and I are making no secret of our plans. As the latest hit in the radio breakfast field—under the name of Jack & Honeybunch—we will not keep our fans in suspense. We will eat at 3 P.M. this Christmas. Being carnivores, we will eat turkey. Don't go getting the wrong idea. We spread as much sunshine as the next couple, give or take a gleam, and as much homely philosophy. But we have both been



carnivorous since early childhood, and it is a hell of a trick to stop now.

You don't even have to tune us in this year, if you don't want to. To save trouble for the Jack & Honeybunch public, I am publishing the entire script of the Christmas show in advance. Don't thank me. Thank Dick & Dorothy, thank Pegeen & Ed, thank Jinx & Tex. By getting married and eating on a high frequency, they showed the way. They gave breakfast a deeper meaning. All we do is follow humbly in their path, and get up a little later. Here is the script: (*Music up and out . . .*)

HONEYBUNCH: Merry Christ-

mas, lover. Society should be ashamed of itself for all the fires that start from Christmas trees.

JACK: That's right. (*Yawns.*) I was reading this morning in the—

HONEYBUNCH: On a holiday like this, people get careless about their trees, and honestly, Jack, they start fires all over the country.

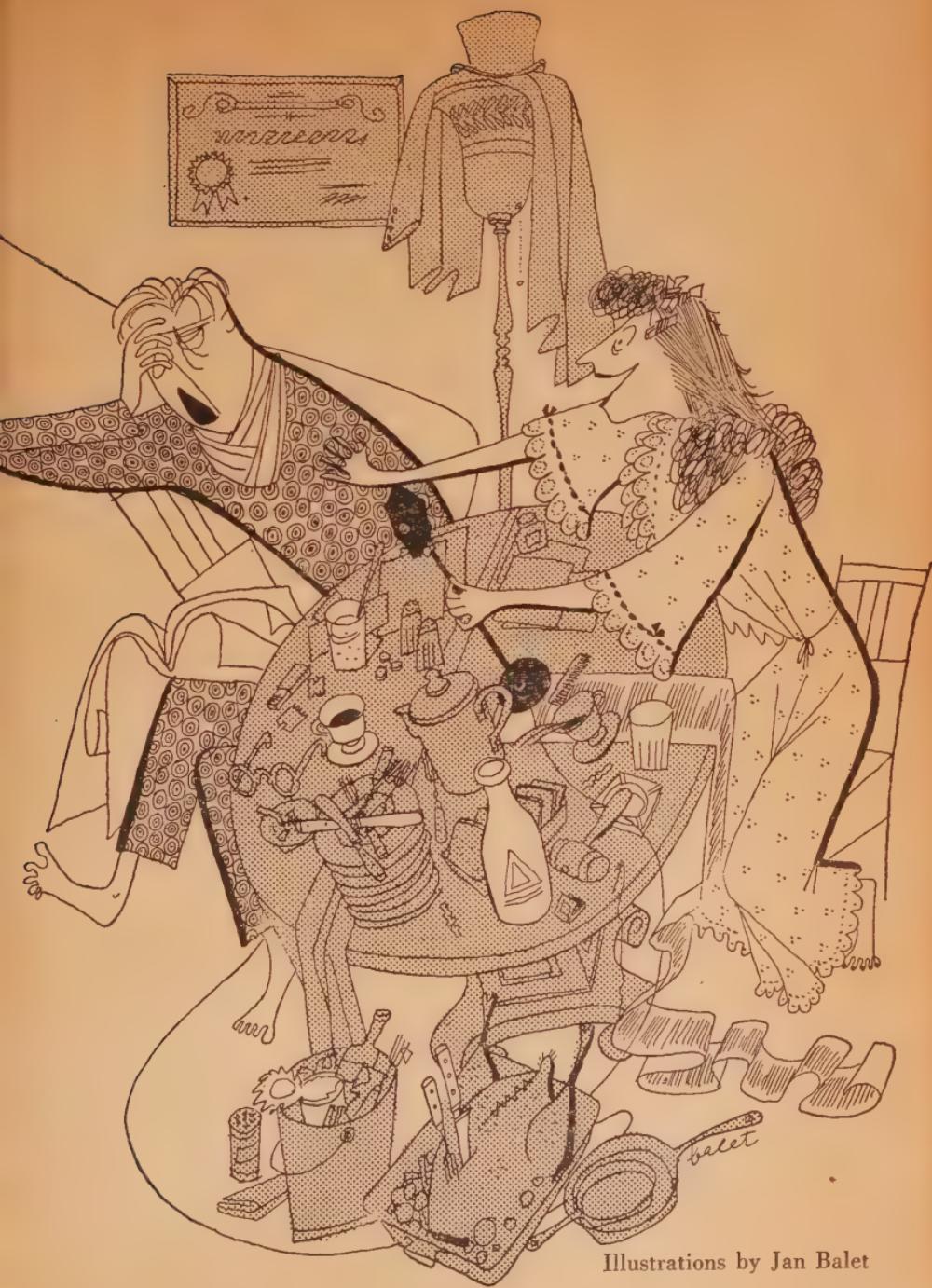
Why, I was having

dinner with Bing Crosby and H. L. Mencken last night, and they said that 250 people, or maybe it was 2,500, would have accidents right around New York alone. I hope our listeners will be extra careful.

JACK: Yeah, we can't afford to lose that many listeners.

HONEYBUNCH: That's not the point, darling. The point is something entirely different, and you'd know it if you'd heard H. L. Mencken and Doris Duke say so last night in the Cub Room of the Stork. Why, Jack, what's this we're having to start off our Christmas dinner? Look, a tomato juice cocktail!

JACK: Where?



Illustrations by Jan Balet

HONEYBUNCH: Right in front of you, lover.

JACK: That's the Daily Racing Form.

HONEYBUNCH: Well, the tomato juice must be underneath it. And listen, Jackie, you know that's not just any tomato juice cocktail. That's Clancy's Club Tomato Juice Cocktail. The tangy, Yule-tide one. You remember how often we've spoken of the tang of Clancy's Club on the way to the movies, or coming home from a national convention. How is it?

JACK: M'mm!

HONEYBUNCH: What?

JACK: M'mm! Listen, Honeybunch, I wanted to ask you a question about something.

HONEYBUNCH: I know. You want to ask me about Dr. Holsapple, the famous authority on bats that I lunched with yesterday at Sardi's.

JACK: Yeah, Dr. Holsapple, the authority on bats. He has some fantastic stories about bats. Absolutely fantastic, from what you tell me. Is it true that a bat can find its way home after four years? (*Falls asleep.*)

HONEYBUNCH: Wake up, Jack. You just asked me if a bat can find its way home after four years.

JACK: That's right. Can it?

HONEYBUNCH: Listen, angel, Dr. Holsapple told me about a

case of a bat that had been away for five years, or maybe seven. The doctor is such a scholarly-looking man. Eats absolutely nothing but Armbruster's Worcestershire Sauce, and how right he is! Our lunch seemed to be over before it began. And the bat came home.

JACK: Fantastic!

HONEYBUNCH: What did you say, lover?

JACK: Fantastic! It reminds me of a story that Ethel Merman was telling me.

HONEYBUNCH: I love that woman! She's the star of "Annie Get Your Gun." (*Gives the plot of "Annie Get Your Gun," and sings three song hits from same.*)

JACK: That's the one I mean. She told me this story. Get the picture, Honeybunch. Three salmon are trying to jump over a waterfall and the first salmon says—

HONEYBUNCH: Why, what do I see here? Look, Jack, the Christmas turkey!

JACK: Where?

HONEYBUNCH: Right in front of you.

JACK: Oh, yes. A crisp, golden brown. Oh, boy! Oh, man! Man, oh man! I'll tell the world that's turkey. (*Falls asleep.*)

HONEYBUNCH: Wake up, Jack. And you know the real meaning of that Christmas turkey. It's to set off the wonderful Flynn's Old

Fashioned Cranberry Sauce that goes with it. How long have we dreamed of having Flynn's on our table for Christmas, darling? It was before we were married. When we used to sit and dream dreams, outside the paddock at Hialeah.

JACK: When you were setting your cap for me.

HONEYBUNCH: Oh, Jack, what a thing to say! When I was setting my cap for you, indeed! (Laughs.)

JACK: (Laughs.)

HONEYBUNCH: (Laughs.)

JACK: Yes, we've certainly waited a long while to have Flynn's Old-Fashioned Cranberry Sauce on our own table. And here it is. On Christmas Day. That really tugs the old heartstrings a little bit, don't it? (Yawns deeply.) We should be grateful.

HONEYBUNCH: And there's a way we can show our gratitude, darling.

JACK: Yeah? (Fighting down his skepticism.) How?

HONEYBUNCH: The same way that everyone can show their gratitude. Just drop a note to the Flynn people. Their name is Flynn. F-l—well, Flynn. And do it today. Don't wait.

JACK: No, there's no sense in waiting. You know what happened to the Earl of Roodles when he—

HONEYBUNCH: Your old school chum?

JACK: Yeah, that's the one. He was waiting outside his hotel for a taxi, and he decided he couldn't wait any longer. So he walked away.

HONEYBUNCH: Oh, darling! A bottle falling eight or nine floors from a window could kill a man, you know.

JACK: That's right. And a bottle fell eight or nine floors out of a window and landed right where he had been standing. Did I tell you this story before, sugar?

HONEYBUNCH: No, lover. You probably told it to Bernard Baruch. I didn't even know you knew the Earl. What's he like?

JACK: Just picture a man with—

HONEYBUNCH: I can almost see him. Oh, Jack, I knew there was something I wanted to tell you. You remember the panelling in the Oak Room, where they put the mistletoe? Those shining wood surfaces?

JACK: Yeah, there's nothing I like better than a shining wood surface.

HONEYBUNCH: They've got a real feeling for wood. Well, I found out from Otto what they polish it with. They polish it with Lily Snyder's goatskin tissues. Each tissue comes wrapped in a separate package. During the war, when goats were scarce—

JACK: I know. It's fantastic.

HONEYBUNCH: What is?

JACK: The goat shortage. I think if our listeners would give it a little thought, somebody would find an answer. And when you do find an answer, write to us right away. The President has asked me personally—

HONEYBUNCH: They'd better write to you, darling. I'm so busy letting people know where to buy Grogan's Plum Pudding. And speaking of Grogan's Plum Pudding, Jackie—here it is!

JACK: Where?

HONEYBUNCH: Right in front of you, lover.

JACK: That's Clocker Lawton's

card for Santa Anita. The plum pudding must be underneath it. (*Searches under the card.*) Yes, here it is. Gee, baby, what a lot we have to be grateful for. It makes you think, doesn't it?

HONEYBUNCH: It certainly does, angel. I wonder if our listeners are thinking, too?

JACK: Holy smoke, I hope not. (*Yawns.*) How much more time?

HONEYBUNCH: Only thirty seconds. Just enough to let everyone know that Grogan's Plum Pudding, and they make wonderful shortcake, too, can be bought at six convenient—

JACK: You tell 'em, Moonbeam. (*Falls asleep.*)

END

47 Pre-print

Victory the Anachronism

..... "Victory!" he exclaimed, rising and then tugging down the edges of his tunic. "It's a term which we have never defined. There is no such condition as victory. Nor is there such a one as defeat. Go into Europe and try to find those two conditions! Ah, you will look a long time and you will see starvation, disease, ruin and hatred, but nowhere will you see victory or defeat! We, too, have searched amidst the great cities and towns, everywhere. We have found nothing of those states, nothing. I tell you, those are empty words in this present era of human existence. At one time, warfare was pursued to a logical conclusion by the enslavement of whole nations of the vanquished, and the seizure of their entire possessions. But that was before mankind became a single, closely-knit and inter-dependent mass, selling goods to one another and founding its great systems of economy and national well-being upon the continuance of such trade. Victory, as men still persist in imagining it, is an anachronism. All our Generals know it! It used to be that they imagined they could attain that condition. Now they know that the reality of it is non-existent."

—F. L. Green

From "A Flask for the Journey", Reynal and Hitchcock. To be published next mon...

THE DIVORCE

BY ROLFE HUMPHRIES

Light, of two elements the unison,
Of air and fire, where one and one are one,
Performs the office of division,

Enacts that earth from water sunder, sever,
Keeping their separate properties for ever,
Hill, valley, mountain; ocean, lake, and river.

To each its own identity and sign,
Texture and color, boundary and line,
Motion and rest, the lift, the flow, the shine,

The melody, magnificence and mirth
All more intense, all given brighter worth
By this divorce of water and of earth.

O friends and witnesses, rejoice, approve
This single happiness in which they move;
Give them your fondest blessing, and your love.

What one made two, nothing will render one:
Darkness will overrule my lord, the sun,
Darkness, annulment and negation,

The sable reconciler, who remembers
The vain petitions of unending numbers,
Brings them together in his solemn chambers.



"Will it do any harm to get just a teeny bit angry with Henry Wallace?"

by William A. Lydgate

What the British think of us

When two peoples call
each other lazy,
for equally absurd reasons,
strange things can happen
to loans and treaties

THE BRITISH think we Americans are lazy; we think they are. We find their cooking poor; they find us overbearing. . . .

These are a few of the reactions, turned up by two concurrent Gallup Polls, that reveal how critical of each other Americans and British are. At a time when Britain is hanging on the ropes economically, such differences are of the utmost importance. Whether Britain strings along with us in international politics depends to a large extent on how British public opinion regards us; conversely, whether we help Britain through her crisis depends in part on the

average American's reaction to Britain and the British.

The survey, instigated by Dr. Henry Durant, Director of the British Gallup Poll, was conducted to find out what the average Englishman knows and thinks about America, Americans, and American customs, habits, attitudes, and literature. For purposes of comparison a number of similar questions were put to the American people by the U. S. Gallup Poll.

The amazing fact that the British think we are lazy and we think they are lazy came to light when

• William A. Lydgate's studies of public opinion have frequently appeared in magazines and newspapers. He is editor of the American Gallup Poll.

the British, and later the American, poll-takers asked, "Which of these five peoples are by nature the most industrious, that is, the hardest workers—Russian, German, American, English, or French?" The answers were:

BRITAIN

Most industrious

| | |
|----------------|-----|
| Russian | 40% |
| German | 38 |
| English | 15 |
| American | 4 |
| French | 3 |

U.S.A.

Most industrious

| | |
|------------------|-----|
| German | 42% |
| American | 29 |
| Russian | 24 |
| English | 2 |
| French | 2 |
| Don't know | 1 |

How such notions arose is a mystery. American war production astounded the world, while British hard-work and fortitude, under the blows of Hitler's blitzes, made legends. Yet John Bull and Uncle Sam came out of the war with a low opinion of each other's capacity for work—and a high opinion of the industriousness of two other peoples, the Russians and the Germans.

If so many of our voters regard the British as lazy, would a new

loan to Britain, whose meager dollar balances are running short, get through the Republican-controlled Congress? The average American seems to be laboring under the impression that Britain's desperate economic plight is somehow due to a culpable lassitude on the part of her population, instead of to the pressing shortage of raw materials and lack of export credits. Here would seem to be a challenge of the first magnitude to British publicists and diplomats: overcoming the impression abroad that John Bull is resting on his oars.

The reason why the British think *we* are lazy is not hard to guess. With their backs to the wall from 1939 on, Britishers constantly read accounts of strikes in the United States. To them the American workingman, with his comparatively short work week, must have seemed like a spoiled child.

A second important fact brought out by the surveys is the vast difference between the psychology of the American people and the psychology of the British after two world wars.

The typical American has boundless faith in Uncle Sam's future. There's hardly any doubt in his mind that the United States will continue to be one of the world's great powers—yes, *the*

greatest—for a long time to come. His is a lusty, dynamic psychology, brimming with dauntless self-confidence.

The British people, on the other hand, have only a limited belief in the strength and future greatness of England. We in America indignantly brush aside any suggestion that some other nation may become stronger than we, but the typical Britisher says without much hesitation that both Russia and the United States will be stronger than the once-powerful British Empire twenty-five years from now. It's a psychology of resignation. The British people seem content to think of themselves and their country as playing third fiddle. In Queen Victoria's time they would have given a different answer.

The question was:

"Twenty-five years from now, which nation of the world will be the strongest power—Russia, England, France, the United States, Germany or China? The answers were:

BRITAIN

Strongest power

| | |
|--------------------------|-----|
| Russia | 39% |
| United States | 37 |
| England | 14 |
| China | 2 |
| Others, or don't know .. | 8 |

U.S.A.

| | |
|---------------------|-------------|
| Strongest power | |
| United States | 86% |
| Russia | 9 |
| England .. | less than 1 |
| France .. | less than 1 |
| China .. | less than 1 |
| Germany .. | less than 1 |
| Don't know | 5 |

This confidence of ours has made a strong impression on the British mind. When the poll-takers asked, "What sort of person do you think of when you think of an American?" the first thing that flashes through most English heads is that we're boastful, cocksure, opinionated—in other words, that we "know it all."

HALF AS MANY Britishers thought that the American people were exuberant, boisterous, happy-go-lucky, free-and-easy. Our third major trait, according to the British, is friendliness: we're sentimental and big-hearted.

Other descriptions which got a scattered vote in the poll characterized the typical American as a "go-getter, a man in a hurry", as tough, hard-boiled, coarse, and unmannerly, as prosperous and a big-spender, as a person who chews gum and has a drawling accent. A few pay us the compliment of saying that an American is "someone like myself," but in

general, the estimates are not too flattering.

Still, after two "invasions" of Britain by the Yanks in a generation, it is surprising that the British attitude toward us is as complimentary as it is.

The average Britisher, being reasonably fair-minded, is willing to grant that we have many good points. He says, for example, that we treat women far better than he and his fellow countrymen do. Also, an impressively large proportion of Britishers—six out of every ten—feel that a poor man in the United States has a much better chance of getting ahead.

We Americans get more fun out of life, in the opinion of the British, than the British do. Probably as a result of that feeling, they are willing to set up a common citizenship arrangement whereby Americans and Britishers could travel and live in each other's countries without regard to immigration laws. Moreover—and this is news—one-seventh of the British voting population, or nearly 4,000,000, would even be willing to see the United States and England merge governments and form one nation!

FRIENDS OF world trade will find comfort in another British attitude. Nearly half of the

people in England with opinions on the matter favor lowering tariffs to permit more American-made goods to enter England. This attitude may not last; it may simply reflect a temporary worldwide desire for more nylons, cigarettes, food, and postwar gadgets that America alone can supply in quantity. Nevertheless, there does seem to be more than passing significance in the fact that as many as 44 per cent of Britishers expressed themselves in favor of lowering import duties on American goods. Forty-seven per cent were opposed, and the rest had no opinion.

Suffering from a postwar inferiority complex, the British think we have a low opinion of them. When asked, "How do you think the American people regard Englishmen?" an amazingly large proportion—three in every four—mentioned something uncomplimentary, chiefly "dull, backward, old-fashioned, slow, unenterprising." But the majority of Americans do not regard the British in any such uncomplimentary light. On the contrary, when American voters were given a free choice of adjectives best describing the British, they picked complimentary ones like "courageous, loyal, sportsmanlike, clever, imaginative, and efficient" far oftener than such opprobrious terms as "stuffy, un-

imaginative, snobbish, or grasping." In short, we do not think as harshly of the British as they believe we do.

It would be interesting to know how the British got the idea that we think poorly of them. It probably stems in part from stereotypes of British character presented in our movies and in our literature, and from opposition last year to our lending money to Britain. It may also come from slurring remarks made by some of the millions of GI's who saw the nation under highly adverse conditions.

While admitting that the United States may be more powerful, the British refuse to concede that we hold any advantage when it comes to culture or the finer things in life. "Has the United States reached a higher level of civilization than we have?" the British people were asked. About a third replied "higher," a third "lower," and a third "the same."

Americans for generations have poked fun at British humor. But if we don't think the jokes in *Punch* are very funny, the British don't think we're so uproarious either. When asked, "Do you think the American people have a better sense of humor, or worse, than we have?" 31 per cent in Britain replied "better," 38 per cent said

"worse," 21 per cent said "the same," and the rest kept mum.

The Englishman is prepared to concede, however, that American cookery excels the British. Three out of every five polled in England said they think American food is tastier than English food. This is not much of a concession, as anyone familiar with the standard British menu of "joint, veg. and sweet" knows.

When asked, "What do you consider to be a typical American dish?" most of the British voters answered with assurance: Fried chicken, hamburgers, hot dogs, and sweet corn, in that order, and then went on to list waffles, turkey, pumpkin pie, ice cream sundaes, Spam, ham and eggs, pork and beans, salads, apple pie, steak, lemon pie, and strawberry pie. One might quarrel a little with the order—steak, for instance, should come near the top, and Americans would hardly call Spam a typical dish—but still the list is not too wide of the mark. One wonders whether the average American could accurately name more than one or two typical English dishes.

How much do books influence the opinion of nations toward one another? While the poll supplies no answer to that, it does reveal one interesting contrast. Ask the average American to list some

of England's greatest writers, and he names authors he had to study in school—Shakespeare, Dickens, Tennyson, Keats, Shelley, Scott, Chaucer—none of whom he reads today. Shaw is the only modern writer he mentions. But ask an Englishman to name some of America's greatest writers and the list he gives is not at all of the schoolbook variety, for American literature is not required reading in British schools.

Here's the list of America's greatest writers according to the man-in-the-street in England:

| | |
|----------------------|-----|
| Mark Twain | 18% |
| Longfellow | 4 |
| Upton Sinclair | 4 |
| Poe | 3 |
| Sinclair Lewis | 3 |
| O. Henry | 3 |
| Walt Whitman | 2 |

| | |
|-------------------------|----|
| Ernest Hemingway | 2 |
| Zane Grey | 2 |
| Emerson | 1 |
| Harriet Beecher Stowe.. | 1 |
| Margaret Mitchell | 1 |
| Dreiser | 1 |
| Others | 20 |
| All authors | 65 |
| Don't Know | 35 |

Perhaps the sharpest contrast between the United States and England today is this:

When you ask Englishmen whether they would like to emigrate, a substantial number say they would. In spite of all the things they find wrong with us, *one Britisher in every four* would like to come to America to live. But only *one American in thirty-three*, according to a recent poll, would ever like to go to England to live.

END

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946,

of '47—THE MAGAZINE OF THE YEAR published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1947. State of New York, County of New York, ss.

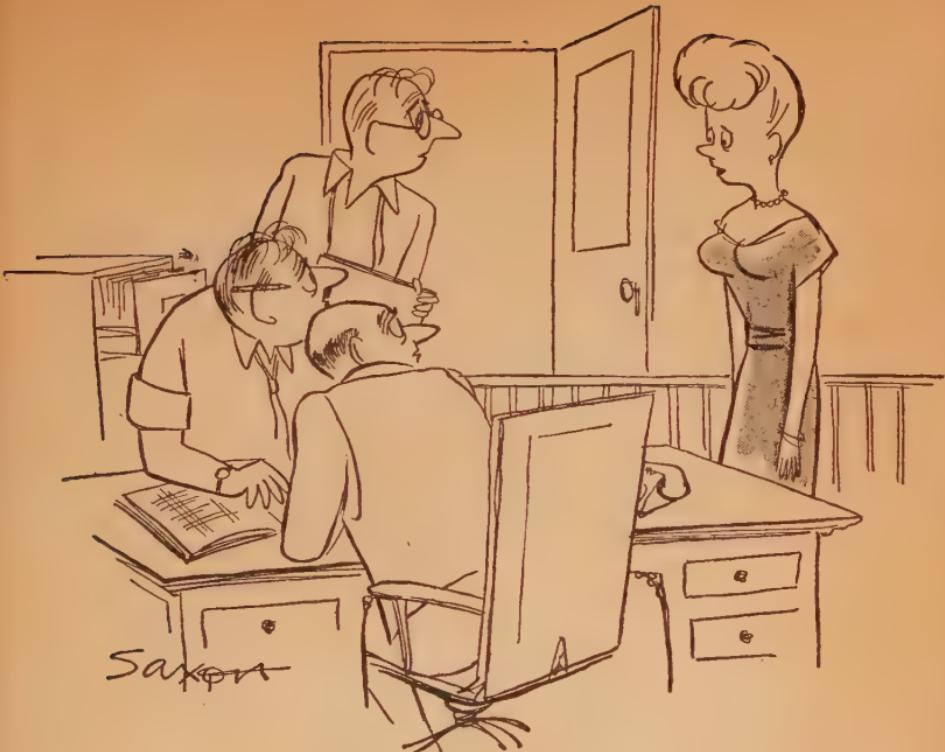
Before me, a Notary in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Raymond C. Hagel, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of '47—THE MAGAZINE OF THE YEAR, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid

publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946, (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher: Walter Ross, 68 W. 45 St., New York 19, N.Y. Editor: None (Chairman, Executive Editorial Board: Lawrence Lee, 68 W. 45 St., New York 19, N. Y.) Managing Editor: None (Executive Editor: William Laas, 68 W. 45 St., New York 19, N. Y.) Business Manager: Raymond C. Hagel, 68 W. 45 St., New York 19, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: Associated Magazine Contributors, Inc., 68 W. 45 St., New York 19, N. Y. Names and addresses of stockholders holding one percent or more of the capital stock of Associated Magazine Contributors Inc., are:



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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are:

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4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the

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RAYMOND C. HAGEL

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1947.

MABEL E. BROWN, Notary Public, Queens County Clk's. No. 4593, Reg. No. 585-B-8. New York County Clk's. No. 55, Reg. No. 1288-B-8. Commission expires March 30, 1948. [SEAL]

T HE OTHER NIGHT

BY HUGH CHISHOLM

Painting by Margaret Stark

*Famous as cold
and wild with trouble, that night
brought to her the same, the old
delivering hurts, and then the still delight.*

*Shepherds were there
instead of medical men;
cattle munched; and kings took care
where they were walking. Think (count up to ten),
think (and go blind,
go deaf and dumb at the thought)
what it meant to her to find
a child in her arms that cried and sighed and fought.*





IMAGES OF OUR FUTURE

Nuremberg's bleak today may
foreshadow our tomorrow

BY CLIFTON FADIMAN

• DRAWINGS BY DAVID FREDENTHAL

IN THE SPRING of 1946, the young American artist David Fredenthal spent some time in Nuremberg. A magazine had assigned him to record, with his vigorous brush, the trials of the German war criminals. Instead David Fredenthal found his imagination caught more powerfully by the faces of those condemned to live than by the faces of those condemned to die. He roamed about the town, noting the strange life of its postwar citizenry. In some dozen of sketches, made on the spot, quickly, in the heat and fervor of the moment, he fixed this life in sombre browns and eerie greens, fixed it for all postwar citizens, and for all citizens of whatever world is to come.

I happened to be in South Germany in the summer of 1945. What Fredenthal saw I too saw—and would have forgotten, had not these sketches pulled aside the curtain we so conveniently draw across our memories. Fredenthal's Nuremberg is a town after a twentieth-century war, portrayed with understanding, without emollient pity. The pictures are not lovely. If you wish lovely pictures, Fredenthal cannot supply them: for, as he might say, his time does not supply them either.

Consider for a moment, while history still has some meaning for us, the town of Nuremberg. It long prided itself on

• **Clifton Fadiman**, writer, critic, and an editor of '47, spent the summer of 1945 in Germany while serving as interlocutor of the USO's *Information, Please* team. **David Fredenthal** has at 33 already had three successful one-man shows. He filled several sketchbooks while acting as a wartime artist correspondent in Germany and the Pacific.



The emigrants come home

being the most picturesque, the most Gothic, of German cities. Founded in the eleventh century, it became, during the Renaissance, the home of many fine artists and of one great one—Albrecht Dürer. Hans Sachs cobbled shoes and fashioned songs there; it is the setting of *Die Meistersinger*. Finally, the Nazis made it a national shrine, exploited its beautiful past, distorted its legends, turned the home of the humanist Dürer into a focal hell of propaganda.

Today Nuremberg is, in another sense entirely, a typical German city. That is to say, it is rubble; and its people, too, approach the condition of rubble. Here, where Dürer in his middle period conceived his great religious altar-pieces, and those marvellously pious woodcuts of Saint Jerome and Saint Christopher, and such imperishable copper engravings as the *Melancholia* and *The Knight*, here where, over four hundred years ago, Dürer, the humanist, the friend of Luther, Melanchthon, and Erasmus, brooded upon man's relation to his God,





today there roams a race of men which seems to have little relation to anything, and none to its noble past.

Begin, as Fredenthal moves through the city, at the very beginning—with the little tow-headed boy, involved already in the two realities of his unnatural world: the piece of bread, the gun. It is only a toy gun (Nuremberg was the city of toys) but it will in the fulness of time put off its innocent nature. Already the little boy is part and parcel of the ruin his brother and father have so painstakingly contrived to bring down upon him. And here they are, returning home, strong and whole, or on crutches, it does not matter much which, for what is broken and ugly in them lies deeper than the bone.

Another keynote is struck in the sketch which shows boys fighting for wood. Wood is important, fire is important; they represent life, they are almost equivalent to life. life is wood and fire and potatoes—do not try to tell these desperate children that life is more than that. Life is what it obviously is:



sleeping underground, cooking above ground in the shelter of a fraction of a wall that has reached dead end after having stood for four centuries.

Or perhaps, after all, life has its gayer side. You may observe it in the extraordinary sketch of the boys swinging their pots and cans of fire, illuminating their small inferno with the flames, while behind them crazy broken arches prepare to become debris.

Debris? What is debris in 1947? Is it shattered stone, or is it a shattered face? This old woman, with all the cold of the world at her bony back, withered as the twigs she bears in her hands, is debris, too, debris that walks, its eyes fixed on nothing.

Stand with the artist a moment in the very center of this bare, ruined city where late the loud shells sang, in Nuremberg's Albrecht Dürer Platz. Here you may study the architecture of the future, the crazy-edged pieces of a jigsaw puzzle no one cares to re-assemble.

Here, natural and unquestioned parts of a nightmare, neolithic men and women crouch over their precious fire. Figures play and run among the shattered walls and pits and craters. Window frames stare dully like the eye sockets of a hundred Oedipuses, and, under a dismal sky, the very color of postwar, the





frameworks of buildings lie like skeletons. Above all this, brooding upon his city, stands the statue of Albrecht Dürer, by an almost theatrical miracle untouched, unharmed, except for a couple of bullet-holes in the cheek, his stigmata. The statue is more human than the beings at his feet.

What is it that one feels, looking at these people? Surely not pity, or sympathy, for we know that this hell is of their own making. One feels rather a kind of horror, not at their suffering, but at their acceptance of their suffering. What is dire in these pictures is the sense the artist conveys that to these troglodytes, these quick throwbacks to precivilization, this is all somehow normal. It has taken the human race so many thousands of years to produce a Dürer: but how quickly, almost how easily it can reel back through the same thousands of years and adapt itself to the culture of the cave, the tribal fire, the futureless horde.

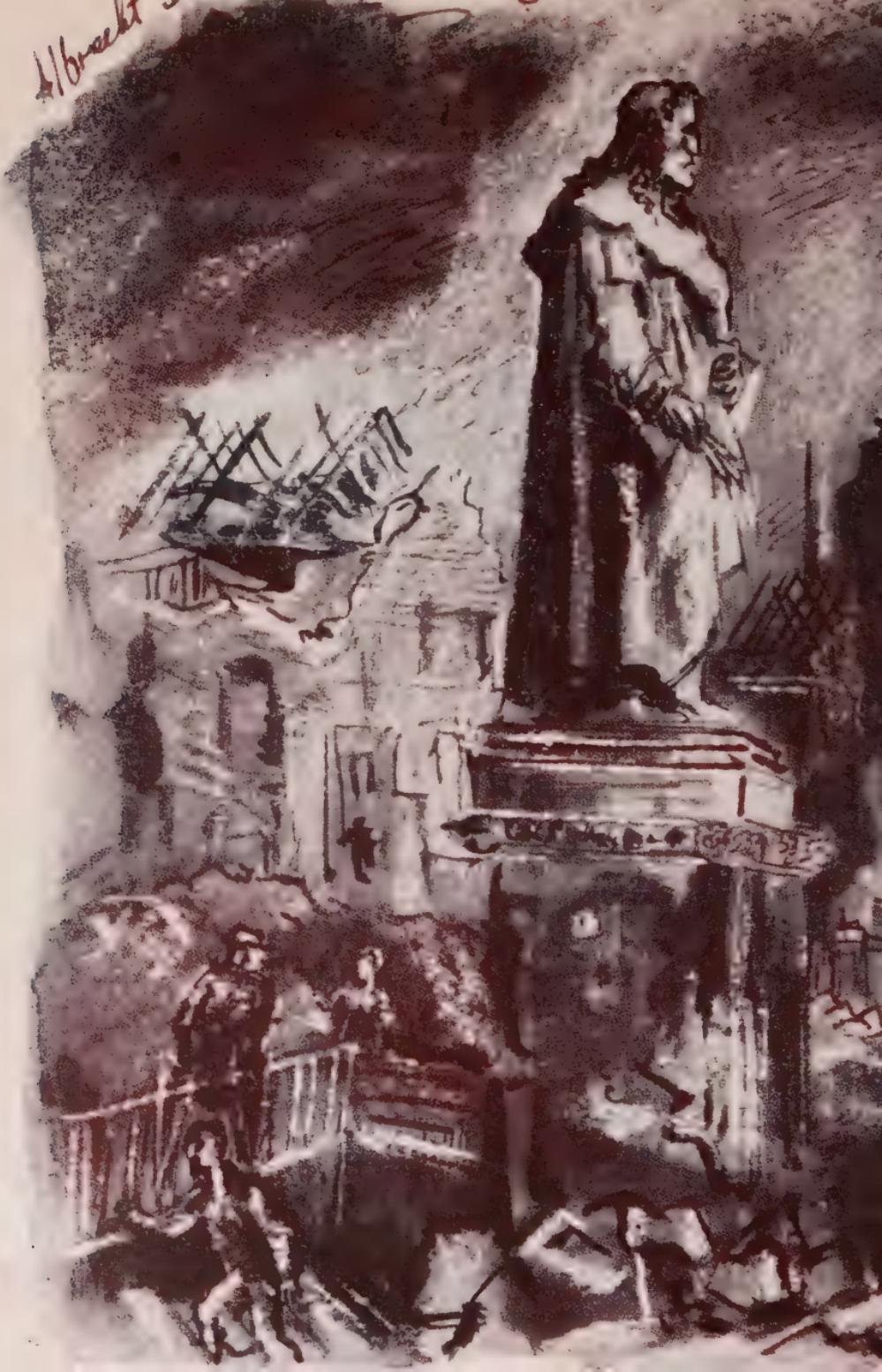
These people whom Fredenthal drew a year or so ago in the pitted squares and alleys of Dürer's (and Hitler's) city were only recently our enemies. But do not look upon their faces as the faces of enemies. Look upon them as the faces of men and women who today are what we may be tomorrow. Here are the sorry emblems of the probable future. What Nuremberg is now,





Detroit, where Fredenthal was born, may well be after the next planetary war, or the one after that, or the one after that. These faces, these gestures, these relapses into the rude techniques of mere survival, these crumbling walls and crumbling souls, these eyes in which no speculation lives, these images of futility and corruptibility, these eroded bits and raveled ends of humanity, these new primitives whose history is behind, not before them, these gutted homes and gutted hearts—all this is but a symbol of a future which all civilized men may soon share. Therefore, do not start back from these faces, for they are our own. Do not pity them, either, for then you will but be surrendering to self-pity. Rather, ask yourself, remembering the birthday of the Prince of Peace, remembering two wars, and gazing upon the shadow of the face of that to come, whether there is no way out for men and women except through a thousand Nurembergs and their dead and stony streets.

1/08/07 Durer Platz-Nuremberg





CARMENCITA

Farquharson was a constant lover—

constantly changing

A story by Waverley Root

BACK IN the early twenties, the uninhibited and unrepressed souls who made up the Paris edition of the *Chicago Tribune* gathered nightly in a dark and dirty *bistro* on the Rue Lamartine. There, across the street from the newspaper office, editorial workers and proofreaders, with an occasional stray from the business offices, met every evening for dinner, bringing with them the girls of their temporary choice. None of these young men had yet reached the point of marrying. Few had even acquired *petites amies*; those who had, owed that situation to the determination of the ladies rather than to any constancy of their own.

There was thus a heavy turnover in the feminine population of the *bistro*, or what might be termed a constant internal redistribution. To put it more bluntly, when one of the boys tired of Gaby or Elvire or Vivienne, another was very likely to inherit her. But sooner or later even those young ladies who enjoyed widespread popularity drifted away. The affairs that began there were strictly ephemeral.

Against this background, it required a considerable amount of amorous diligence for any one person to stand out. By common consent, nevertheless, Ray Farquharson did. The accolade was awarded him on no vulgar quantitative basis. After all,

• **Waverley Root**, formerly foreign correspondent for the *Chicago Tribune*, UP, *Time*, and MBC, lived in Paris for many years. (His piece on the closing of Paris bordellos, *Noble Experiment in France*, appeared in '47 August.)

the sports editor had managed for a number of years to pick up a different girl every evening. Farquharson's distinction was qualitative. For him, each new affair was the one great love of his life. The average duration of his amours was about a fortnight, but while they lasted they were, every one of them, unparalleled passions.

In the throes of love, Farquharson was a man without memory. If, during one of his hymns of praise to the current favorite, he was reminded of similar words uttered a week earlier in praise of another, he dismissed the earlier with an offhand reference to puppy love. If you persisted in skepticism, he became really angry, with the righteous anger of the lover who is devoted unto death and resents the scoffing of baser souls.

Illustrations by Reginald Marsh



Farquharson was older than most of his colleagues and the only one who, in that early period, was married. But his marriage weighed lightly upon him. Familiarity had finished by breeding not so much contempt as indifference. The current marriage was either his fourth or his sixth. the difficulty in assigning it a number resting in his own haziness as to which of his previous liaisons had been dignified by public authority. All except his last marriage had taken place in the United States. The final episode had been Parisian.

It was probably just as well that Farquharson had left America for a country where breach of promise suits were rare, where alimony was less easy to secure, and where neither public opinion nor police authority was ordinarily exerted to curb amorous exuberance. One theory current in the office was, indeed, that Farquharson had originally come to Paris for the sake of these advantages. The story ran that his ever-increasing obligations to pay alimony had finally outrun his income.

IT WAS NO SECRET that his French marriage had long since lost its savor, first for himself and, soon thereafter, for his wife. His reason for maintaining the fiction that he was married he explained by saying, during a lucid interval between affairs, "What's the sense of my getting divorced? As long as I have one wife, I can't get hooked by another."

The marital establishment also came in handy as a place in which to live between periods of sharing apartments with his successive girls. Setting up house with them was a measure of his sincerity, of his own belief in the genuineness of each new love. He was not only willing to try housekeeping with each new inamorata, but even willing, though chronically penniless and therefore seldom able, to pay for the necessary equipment. Unfortunately the bills usually continued to come in after the idyll had ended.

There was one occasion on which Farquharson only barely escaped having his marriage legally dissolved, and another union, from which he would have found it difficult to slip out, fastened on him. On that occasion he made the mistake of becoming enamored of a young lady many cuts above his usual

taste, one of a species rare in the Paris of that date, a woman lawyer. She was one of the few for whom he established a joint apartment, although in this instance, to be exact, the lady footed most of the bills. And this time his customary protestations of a desire for a divorce fell on the ears of someone capable of doing something about it. The woman advocate was well on the way to freeing, and re-caging, him before the affair ended.

It was a near thing, for Farquharson's plans had become so definite that a date had been set at which he was to be introduced to the young lady's innumerable and strictly old-fashioned relatives at a formal dinner. It was probably dread of this ordeal which caused Farquharson, no very sober individual at best, to overindulge to such an extent that he wound up in a suburban railroad coach at almost the exact hour set for the dinner. Stumbling out of the train at the next stop, he telephoned his intended that he had just discovered he was in Versailles and would be a trifle late for dinner. On leaving the phone booth, he realized that he was actually in St. Germain-en-laye. This so unnerved him that he never got to the dinner at all.

Undiscouraged, the girl covered up for him by telling her family a story of a sudden illness, which they pretended to believe. The dread of marrying irrevocably into an orthodox French family probably also accounted for the sudden cooling of Farquharson's affections and his abrupt departure. A wandering American promoter had turned up in Paris as shepherd of a dance marathon, which had just proved a resounding flop in France. Anxious to try Spain, he engaged Farquharson as publicity man, and Farquharson, quitting the paper briefly, took off for San Sebastian, leaving with only an abbreviated note to the sharer of his home.

A few of the wanderer's artful love letters came through, but at increasingly greater intervals, and finally ceased altogether. Fighting the realization that she had been jilted, the girl appealed to Jim Plant, the news editor of the paper, to write to Farquharson. But before he had time to write, Plant received a letter from Farquharson. It appeared that the rover had met in Spain the great passion of his life, the one woman

to whom he could cleave until death did them part. This, at last, was the real thing! The reason for the letter itself was a request that Plant do a little job of amatory arson and burn Farquharson's bridges behind him—in short, break the news that the Paris affair was over.

Plant had little taste for the assignment, but he finally called at the lady's apartment—formerly hers and Farquharson's—and broke the news as delicately as he could. There were, as he had anticipated and feared, tears. Never a man able to resist feminine weeping, Plant found himself lending the girl enough money to go to Spain to win Farquharson back. But a little later in the evening he also found himself consoling her in the classic fashion. The project for a trip to Spain somehow lapsed. The lady lawyer did not offer to return the loan, but Farquharson's ex-apartment came in handy, and considering one thing and another, Plant did not regret the outlay.

Meanwhile, it had not taken long for the American promoter to discover that Spain agreed with France about dance marathons. Farquharson, after previously wiring for (a) his old job back, and (b) a sufficient advance to pay his fare, returned to Paris. For a time, curiously enough, he exhibited a certain coldness towards Plant, who, he seemed to feel, had somehow done him out of something.

But he did not return alone. He had brought back the great Iberian passion.

She was preceded by samples of Farquharson's press-agentry which made it clear why he had been picked for the job of trying to persuade Spaniards to abandon bullfights for dance marathons. The girl was, Farquharson explained, a member of one of the most aristocratic families of Spain. The details of the story were vague, but one gathered that courting her had involved running the gauntlet of a host of duennas. The couple's departure had involved not so much an elopement as an abduction. Farquharson was not sure that the police weren't looking for him in Spain; he was certain the girl's brothers were.

The girl, when Farquharson's colleagues finally got a look at her, did not appear to live up to the advance billing. If one

could overlook the fact that she was more than a trifle over-padded, one might have called her voluptuous. She might have been considered the baby-face type had it not been for her make-up, which in thickness was more likely to remind one of a Van Gogh than a baby. The rouge was brilliant, the lipstick was a wild-colored crust, and a question-mark of jet black hair lay coiled on her forehead, to which it was apparently glued.

The most alarming feature about her, however, was her eyes. The lids of these were weighted down with a coating of green paint so thick that merely looking at them fatigued the average beholder. The brows were imbedded in mascara, and each separate eyelash was so thickly embalmed in the same substance that there was a minute bead at the tip of each. The general effect was that of an actress about to appear in a stadium seating 40,000 persons.

Her name, inevitably, was Carmen.

HER APPEARANCE INVOKED a variety of skeptical comments concerning Farquharson's account of her origin. To all these he retorted heatedly, adding details of her exalted lineage. Knowing that none of his colleagues had been to Spain, he maintained that the heavy use of cosmetics was normal among pillars of society there, and attributed all slurs on Carmen's gentility to her critics' ignorance of Spanish standards.

Firsthand bulletins on the habits of Carmen, all unfavorable, were soon available, for Farquharson, with what may have been either *jemenfoutisme* or malice, established himself with his Carmencita in a hotel room just across the courtyard from another he had occupied, three romances back, with a member of the editorial staff, Edna Keen. Edna was still living there. As neither Carmen nor Farquharson ever appeared to discover that their windows were provided with shades, Farquharson's ex-favorite could provide a blow-by-blow account of the Carmen-Farquharson romance—which she did with relish.

Blow-by-blow seemed to be an exact description, for almost all of the private contacts of the couple were of a belligerent kind. The fortunate occupants of rooms whose windows were



located at the proper angle across the court enjoyed almost daily the sight of a display of Spanish temper accompanied by the crash of crockery. From the stage of throwing (on Carmen's part) and dodging (on Farquharson's), the pair progressed regularly to in-fighting, in which Carmen used all the weapons with which nature had endowed her—principally nails and teeth. This phase of the combat ended ordinarily with Carmen reduced to immobility by being pinned down on the bed by Farquharson's slightly greater weight. This was not the final stage of such encounters, but it is the last which may be set down here.

A little later the two could be seen moving about again, Farquharson applying court-plaster to his face and Carmen restoring her make-up. Occasionally the tranquil and contented strains of a languid Spanish song would float from the open window.

Compared with the accounts of these set-tos, the more routine details of Carmen's life held less savor. The office knew, from its conscientious observer on the spot, that Carmen's life followed a regular pattern of sleep, applying make-up, fighting Farquharson, succumbing to him, restoring make-up, emerging briefly for dinner, and returning to sleep again. It realized that this was a full day, for it had been informed that in preparing her beauty for the outer world, Carmen devoted a full hour to each eye alone. But such items were greeted with not quite so much interest as were the accounts of the battles royal between Farquharson and his Castilian aristocrat.

When he arrived at work bearing the scars of honorable combat, Farquharson was wonderful fun to bait. One day he arrived with a sizable section of his cheek raked open by Carmen's nails. This rowelling had missed his left eye by not more than an eighth of an inch. Unabashed by the closeness of Farquharson's escape from becoming a one-eyed lover, the boys pounced upon him and the witticisms flew thick and fast.

“Goddamn it!” Farquharson shouted at last. “What do you fellows know about love? None of you ever had a woman who loved you enough to scrape half your face off.”

In calmer moments, he would exhibit his wounds compla-

cently, even boasting about the fierceness of the Spanish temperament, a fury which, he implied, was active in love as well as in combat. In this he was backed by Carmen, who explained to Edna Keen, in one of the few English sentences she ever managed to utter: "In Spain, no fight, no love."

She did not get even this far in French. In spite of having managed to pick up a few English phrases, mostly obscene, from Farquharson, she never succeeded in getting anywhere at all with French. Even Edna, who had no reason to love her and, indeed, did not, once took pity on what she decided must be her lonesome and boring existence, and went to the trouble of buying her a Spanish novel.

Carmen responded queerly to the gift, failing even to thank Edna for it. Edna ascribed this to the absence of any common language, and thought no more of it. That is, she thought no more of it until the day when she found herself entertaining a friend who spoke Spanish. Feeling that it would relieve Carmen's loneliness if she could meet someone who knew her language, Edna suggested that they visit the Spanish girl. When they entered Carmen's room, they found her seated before her dressing table, about to start work on her second eye.

Very quickly the two girls exhausted the ordinary subjects of conversation. Falling back desperately on the first thought that came into her head, Edna asked her friend to inquire how Carmen had liked the book she had given her. Carmen hesitated for a moment. Then she replied in a voice pitched far below her usual strident tones. The interpreter relayed her information to Edna in a tone of surprise: "She says she can't read!"

"What?" Edna cried. "Can't read? What does she mean?"

"She doesn't know how," the interpreter explained. "She never learned to read or write. She says she comes from a very poor family. She never went to school."

"So *that's* his aristocratic lady love!" Edna exploded. "So *that's* what he sneaked away from a duenna! . . . No! there's something wrong. It can't be! I know she gets letters from home and answers them. Ask her how she does that if she can't read or write."

The interpreter asked the questions and then explained:

"She goes to the Berlitz School. When she gets a letter, she takes it there. They read it to her and she dictates the answer."

Carmen spoke up again. The interpreter listened and then said: "She says she has one now. She doesn't want to take it there because the last time she was ashamed. She wants to know if I will read it to her. Should I?"

"Oh, boy!" Edna exulted. "Should you? I wouldn't miss it for worlds!"

The letter was from Carmen's family. It bewailed the fact that Señor Farquharson, who had made such generous promises when he was in San Sebastian four months ago, was now three months behind on the forty pesetas per month he had promised them in exchange for the companionship of Carmencita. If he could not pay, would he not at least send her back, so that she might again help support her large family?

With whoops of glee, Edna broke into the office half an hour later to blast forever the fable of Carmen's noble birth. Since Farquharson was broke, as always, the staff raised the money to ship her back to Spain and also to pay off, along with a little interest, the arrears in the rent charged for her person.

Farquharson was not angry at this intervention in his personal affairs. He had just become interested in a dancer at the Moulin Rouge. This time it was the real thing. END



State Department

In-Basket

Our foreign policy is born in the humdrum, paper-shuffling routine of desk-men like Bob Newbegin

BY JAY FRANKLIN

HE IS a stocky man in his early forties, with light brown hair and a quiet manner. On a typical day he can be seen leaving his home on Cathedral Avenue in Washington's Wesley Heights section a little after 8 A.M. He gets into his Ford and drives to State Department headquarters, located in what was formerly the "new" War Department Building on Virginia Avenue, parks his car in the official parking lot there, takes the elevator to the third floor, and is at his desk, that of Chief of the Division of Central

American and Panama Affairs, by a quarter to nine.

This man is Robert Newbegin. You have not heard his name because, as with every minor functionary in Foreign Offices the world over, his success is measured in part by the complete absence of dramatic news about his activities or achievements. The world hears only about the programs and policies presented by the President, the Secretary and the Undersecretary of State, and the various Assistant Secretaries; it hears virtually nothing of the many subordinates — except in newspaper allusions to "bureaucrats" or "Washington desk-men" — who provide the groundwork of policy. Out of their countless re-

• **Jay Franklin**, veteran Washington political observer, has served in American embassies abroad and in the State Department as an economic specialist. During the war he was a White House assistant in special intelligence.

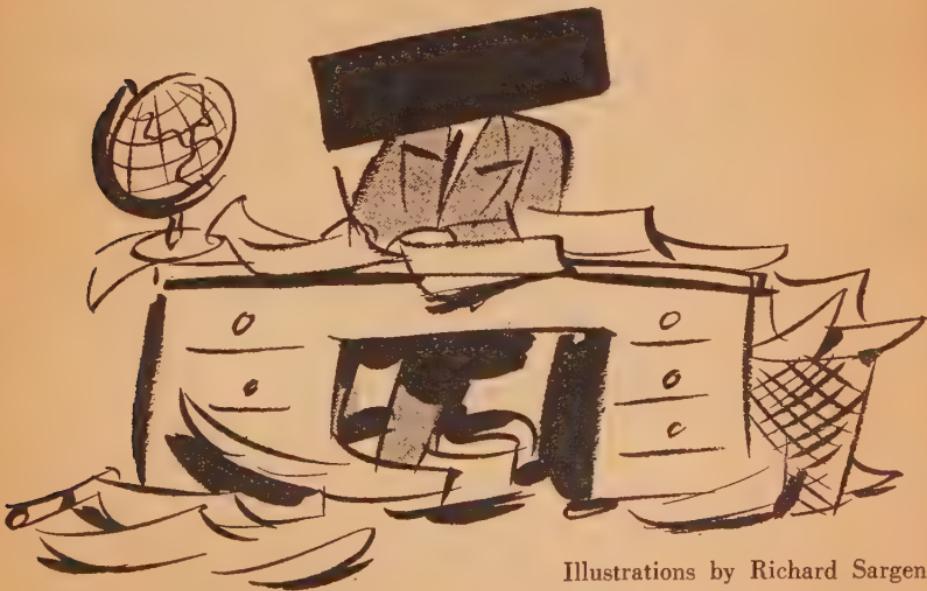
ports and memoranda are distilled the doctrines and programs that make history. Like polyps, they extract the useful calcium from a sea of matter and deposit it patiently and obscurely—until one fine day the world wakes up and discovers that a new diplomatic atoll has appeared on the map of foreign relations.

The day we have seen Newbegin start (and will, in these pages, see him finish) is one of the myriad humdrum days in which, silently, invisibly, inadvertently, but inexorably, national policy is formed and headlines are generated.

In the hierarchy of the Department of State, such an official as Robert Newbegin finds himself between the upper and the lower

millstones. He is the direct link between six American embassies and the Department of State, and is also the official who generally deals with the local business between the United States Government and the Washington embassies of Panama, El Salvador, Costa Rica, Guatemala, Honduras, and Nicaragua. In the Department itself, there are two official layers between him and the top-policy makers: the Chief of the Office of American Republic Affairs and the Assistant Secretary of State in charge of upper-level political policy.

Far above Newbegin, like peaks of the Andes, cloaked in fog and snow, tower such eminences as the Undersecretary of State, the Secre-



Illustrations by Richard Sargent

tary of State, and the President. But when these great ones need the latest dope on, say, Honduras, it comes from and through Newbegin and the group of departmental officers whom he directs in CAP.

This Division is a compact, diplomatic combat team — all of whose members speak Spanish fluently and all of whom have served in one or another of the Latin-American countries.

The American Republic Affairs Office, in turn, links with similar offices controlling the various divisions that do the deskwork on Europe, Asia, Africa, Oceania, and the Soviet Union, and is also in liaison with the special service divisions for Protocol, Legal Advice, Library, Economics, Passports, Visas, Foreign Buildings, Foreign Personnel, Cultural Relations, Information, Security, Administration, and Lord knows what. It should be noted that American diplomacy begins at home and that not the least of the achievements of the Foreign Service has been the wheedling of large appropriations out of a reluctant Congress and a tightwad Budget Bureau. Although the Foreign Service is still underpaid for its job, appropriations have been proliferated into numerous well-paid departmental jobs by the simple device of multiplying Divi-

sions, Division Chiefs, and Assistant Division Chiefs.

The confusion created by this system of overstaffing the State Department was increased by the recent move from the old State-War-Navy Building next to the White House into the "new" War Department Building (not, however, as new as the Pentagon) in northwest Washington. This six-story structure, which looks like a very successful funeral parlor, is streamlined, air-conditioned, and embellished with the sort of murals that seem artistic to the average West Point graduate, but it lacks the informality and discomfort that made the ancient "State" building such a congenial place for diplomacy. As a result, the officers in the "geographical divisions" tend to become isolated and specialized, as though the State Department were a factory, and foreign policy a mere matter of subdivision of labor and mass production of memoranda.

With the recent complete turnovers in the top personnel—Economic Undersecretary Will Clayton is the only policy-maker who has been on the job as long as two years, and he only since November, 1944—the new officials must rely more and more on their bureaucratic subordinates. That means that Bob Newbegin and

those like him are virtually key figures in our foreign policy, since nobody expects a lifelong soldier like General Marshall or an investment banker like Undersecretary Lovett to know much more, technically, than that the Monroe Doctrine is not a writ of replevin or that the Open Door Doctrine is not a Consular Exequatur.

BORN IN Bangor, Maine, in 1905, Robert Newbegin lost both his parents before he entered Yale in the fall of 1923. He got his A.B. at New Haven in 1927 and then, in deference to family tradition, studied for two years at Harvard Law School. With a very small private income he traveled a bit in Western Europe and in Russia; he spoke French and a little Spanish, and applied for admission to the Foreign Service shortly after the depression struck.

He studied for his diplomatic exams with old Angus D. Crawford's famous diplomatic coaching service, and passed them in 1930. The Department sent him to Berlin for a year as Vice-Consul, and then brought him back for a finishing course in the Foreign Service School. In 1931 he was sent to Montevideo, Uruguay, as Vice-Consul. Two years later, Newbegin was promoted to Third Secretary of Embassy and sent to Mex-

ico City, where he remained until the fall of 1938. In the somewhat irrelevant manner of the Foreign Personnel Board, as it was run by Howland Shaw, he was next rushed to Istanbul and Ankara, in Turkey. There he served until 1942, when he was again transferred, this time to Ciudad Trujillo, Dominican Republic.

In the critical summer of 1945, Bob Newbegin was ordered back to the Department as Assistant Chief of the Division of Caribbean and Central American Affairs. A year later, he was again promoted, becoming Chief of the new Division of Central American and Panama Affairs—his present job—a position that pays \$9,975 a year. He expects to hold it for another year, when he will again be liable to transfer to the field.

Bob Newbegin is, then, the kind of man whom you might expect to find in a good law office, an Eastern bank, or a Midwestern industry. In 1933 he married Miss Katherine Slade of Cambridge, Massachusetts, and they have three children—a daughter of thirteen, a son of eleven, and another daughter, aged three. They live in a small house—a detached building standing in a quarter-acre of land on Cathedral Avenue—which they purchased when they hit Washington in 1945 and found that apart-



ments were un procurable. They expect to sell it when they are next transferred.

Newbegin is a steady churchgoing Episcopalian but not especially strict in religious matters. As a registered voter in Cambridge, he regularly and enthusiastically splits his absentee ballots. He drinks and smokes in moderation, plays a little tennis, rides and swims when he has the opportunity. His hobby is raising pigeons—birds of peace that appropriately strut and coo like diplomats—but he does not try to indulge this fancy in Washington. His last pigeon collection he gave to the Chinese Chargé d'Affaires when he left Ciudad Trujillo.

Newbegin's first hour after he arrives on the job is spent in reading the various cablegrams,

airgrams, and despatches from our missions at Tegucigalpa, Guatemala City, Managua, San José, San Salvador, and Panama City. There may be about thirty of these, as well as a mass of departmental information-papers. After sorting and

digesting them, he distributes them to his three desk-officers, after consultation with Murray Wise, his Assistant Chief. Gordon Reid gets the papers from Honduras and Nicaragua; those from Guatemala and El Salvador go to Robert Wilson, while Tapley Bennett, Jr., handles those from Panama and Costa Rica.

At this point, Newbegin has to take time out for a talk with Murray Wise and Gordon Reid on the political situation in Nicaragua. One of the questions being considered on this particular day is a diplomatic boycott of the *de facto* government of B. Lacayo Sacasa, who overthrew President Arguello in the *coup d'état* of May 26, 1947. This is the hottest single potato being handled by the Division at the time, and it takes a

good deal of talking over. Following this discussion, Newbegin dictates to his secretary a "position paper" which outlines the Department's attitude regarding Central American problems for the guidance of the American delegation to the General Assembly of the United Nations.

At this time Newbegin is interrupted by an interoffice telephone call and hurries down to Jim Wright's office. Wright is in charge of the Office of American Republic Affairs and both he and Assistant Secretary of State Norman Armour need a hasty fill-in of background and personal information concerning an official visitor who has scheduled an appointment with Armour for that noon.

On leaving Armour's office, Newbegin finds that he has time for a quick dip into work of the Division of Foreign Service Personnel. There are several transfers and reassessments coming up among the thirty-odd Foreign Service Officers in the field under his Division, and he has to see the redoubtable J. B. Henning in the usual effort to keep good men on jobs they are doing well or to arrange for transfers of those who are not temperamentally suited to work in this sensitive Latin-American sector.

Then he nips back to the Amer-

ican Republic Affairs Office, in time to attend the regular staff meeting of the seven Divisions included in our Western Hemisphere setup. By the time he and the others have exchanged information and discussed policy, it is time for lunch. This he takes in the State Department cafeteria, which supplies a help-yourself grade of food at a cost of about 75 cents per luncheon. Occasionally Newbegin goes out for lunch, but since this is turning out to be one of his busy days, he makes use of local facilities for assuaging the inner diplomat. It is also a chance to continue, in guarded terms, a discussion of some of the problems before the American Republic Affairs Office.

After lunch, Newbegin returns to his desk and immediately goes into conference with the Central American and Panama Affairs political economist, Fred Heins, on that Good-Neighborly headache, the Inter-American Highway, and on ways and means for achieving its completion. Murray Wise also sits in on this discussion, as does Heins' aide, Miss Patricia Ann Foster. When the talk ends, the building of the highway may not have been advanced much, but no one expects diplomats to operate bulldozers by remote control.

Then Newbegin calls in his sec-

retary and dictates memoranda to the officers of the American Republic Affairs Office and other Divisions, recommending action on matters that have been referred to his Division or have come to him in the first instance. This is done on the basis of the reports and recommendations of his three desk-men—which explains how a good part of State Department policy originates. Quite often the Division's considered advice and judgment is ignored. In this case the only thing to do is to wait for a change of Assistant Secretaries, Undersecretaries, or even Secretaries of State, when it will be safe to try again, unless the whole matter has already been settled. But on a good many occasions, New-

begin's recommendations have helped form the basis of the Department's action, including that important kind of diplomatic action that consists of taking no action at all.

After all, his opinion and that of the men in CAP represent experience, special knowledge, and personal contacts with the individuals and circumstances involved in any given situation. Right or wrong, their judgment is the best available to the government. Newbegin's point of view may lack the erudition and supercilious arrogance of the British Foreign Office, or the disciplined truculence and pretzel-twisted dogmatism of Soviet diplomacy, but it does reflect a certain unassuming devo-



tion to duty and, in most cases, a genuine personal liking for, and familiarity with, Hispanic culture and Latin civilization.

Next, Newbegin turns to his purely administrative duties, reviewing his Division's budget estimates for Fiscal 1949 and the personnel requirements of his Division during that period. Since no changes are contemplated in either, this is a formality, but, to show that he has had a chance to approve or protest, the estimates must go forward over his signature to the Administration Office.

A welcome relief is afforded by a call from His Excellency Julian Caceres, Ambassador from Honduras, to discuss details of official business between the Division and the Honduran Embassy during their respective vacations. Bob is clearing his desk so as to be able to get away to New Hampshire for a few days at the end of the week, and Señor Caceres is also due to go on leave and wishes to say good-bye to the Chief of Central American and Panama Affairs.

The Ambassador's departure leaves Newbegin time to dictate a memorandum to the State Department's Chief of Protocol, Stanley Woodward, on another chronic headache: "The simplification of procedure regarding exemption from customs inspection of per-

sonal baggage of foreign diplomats coming to the United States." Treasury Department procedure, evolved in a more leisurely age, requires prior notification to the Collector of Customs. The Division feels that "the courtesy of the port" should be automatic, in order to avoid such embarrassments as the search, some months ago, of a Soviet diplomat's personal luggage at La Guardia Field. Newbegin's memo is, then, part of the State Department's ammunition in the old, old war with the Treasury Department on this issue of international good manners.

With this off his chest, he then proceeds to initial, review, criticize, or support "action papers" drafted in other Divisions. These have been referred to him because they impinge upon the work of his Division—so this task reflects the internecine warfare between Divisions within the Department.* A desk-man must keep strictly within his own field, and move warily, if he is to avoid making enemies. Like "the playing fields of Eton," his and the contiguous fields are the mimic battleground on which

* One of few suggestions made by a State Department official who scanned Mr. Franklin's manuscript was that this sentence be changed to read: "... this task reflects co-operation and co-ordination between Divisions within the Department." *The Editors.*



diplomatic Waterloos are first rehearsed.

The delicate operation of reviewing these "action papers" is interrupted by a call from the Salvadoran Chargé d'Affaires, concerning the request of his government for assistance under Public Law 63 in obtaining an American entomologist to combat a plague of locusts. The insects are eating their way happily through the rich coffee plantations; and under Public Law 63 we can supply experts to Good Neighbor governments, with various arrangements for handling their expenses.

This having been disposed of, Newbegin signs the outgoing telegrams and instructions to his six embassies, as prepared by his three desk-men during the day,

and sends them on to American Republic Affairs and Norman Armour for final action.

At this point, there is time for an important policy discussion with George Gray of the Legal Adviser's Office and for the dictating of instructions to one of our embassies concerning a situation of the kind that can be settled only by time, patience, courtesy—never simply as a matter of principle. An American citizen, one who was admittedly no better than he should be, has got himself into trouble in Central America, and the government involved has gone so far as to expropriate his property.

Bob then receives a long-distance telephone call from John Carrigan, our Chargé d'Affaires at San José, Costa Rica, concerning the action to be taken in order to extend the co-operative food agreement with the Costa Rican government. By handling details on a "John" and "Bob" basis, several weeks' delay and reams of diplomatic circumlocution are avoided.

By now the day is drawing to a

close and the 9:00-to-4:30 swarm of government workers has long since departed. Newbegin now finds time to put in another hour going through the day's crop of incoming cablegrams, airgrams, despatches, and miscellaneous correspondence, information bulletins, and such. By 6:15, he is ready to call it a day, get his Ford out of the parking lot, and drive back to the house on Cathedral Avenue.

Newbegin has just put in nine and a half hours of effort, in an attempt to keep the energies of 140,000,000 American citizens

from needlessly complicating the lives, or frustrating the fortunes, of the 9,000,000 Latin Americans who live in six independent republics on the vital isthmus that is to the New World what Suez and the Dardanelles region are to the Old. He is only a medium-sized cog in a very large machine, but it is possible that some trivial thing he has done or has refrained from doing on this day may combine, some other day, with many similar things to make life easier and safer for all of us in the years ahead.

END

47 *Footnote* THE MAKING OF DIPLOMACY

The State Department moves in its own leisurely fashion. A member of the U. S. Foreign Service, recalled for consultation, was asked by a fellow employee what brought him home. "I came back," he said, "to draft replies to the telegrams I've been sending in for the last three months."

Norman Armour, Assistant Secretary of State for Political Affairs, and one of the key figures in the revamped State Department, recently recalled his first promotion. Sent to Russia in 1916, he occupied what was at that time the fifth and lowest grade in the foreign service. One day a cable arrived from Washington: "Armour assigned to fourth grade." His friends in Petrograd at once threw a lavish dinner in his honor and showered him with congratulations. A few days later Armour received a confirming letter from his Washington superiors; it explained that he had been advanced because the fifth grade had been abolished.



When President McKinley asked A. A. Adeé, who was Assistant Secretary of State for several decades, the best way to say "no" to six European ambassadors coming to try to prevent our war against Spain, Adeé wrote the following on the back of an envelope, and the President read it to the ambassadors: "The Government of the United States appreciates the humanitarian and disinterested character of the communication now made on behalf of the powers named, and for its part is confident that equal appreciation will be shown for its own earnest and unselfish endeavors to fulfill a duty to humanity by ending a situation the indefinite prolongation of which has become insufferable."

middle C is red

A color keyboard teaches musical notation painlessly

BY BORIS LANG

PIANO study by young children has this in common with war and courtship: it usually begins in enthusiasm and often ends in tears, boredom, and regrets. Every year thousands of parents invest millions of dollars in instruments, lessons, and books; after a few months of increasingly arduous and decreasingly voluntary practice their children give up music for good.

Contrast this with the normal child's success in learning to speak. It never occurs to him—not yet, at least—that talking can be painful. The explanation probably is that he is not burdened with *abstractions*. Exposing the child to abstractions before he is able to understand them produces two familiar attitudes: he either memorizes the material by rote and

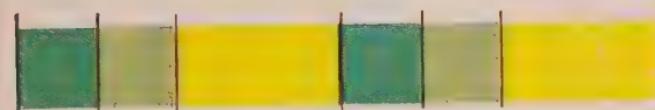
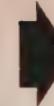
• **Boris Lang** is a music instructor in Connecticut. Several of his three-year-old pupils, taught to read music the Rainbow Way, have proved good enough to perform publicly.

soon forgets it or, if not compelled to memorize, makes little or no progress.

That is why the family piano often comes to be considered an instrument of torture. Notes, the language which musicians use, are just the sort of abstractions children cannot easily grasp. If we can in the early stages of instruction provide a substitute for notes which will make the child's first experience with music pleasurable, we have done much to facilitate learning. Illustrated in the next two pages is a method—which I call the Rainbow Way—of doing just that.

This plan withholds abstractions until the child is able and willing to grasp them, giving him in their place simple melodies expressed in immediately familiar color and space patterns rather than in standard notes. The beginner enjoys music with his first efforts. Not until he has gained confidence at the

To try the Rainbow Way, place the chart (right) over the corresponding keys; then play the sample melodies.



1st step: The notes of *Three Blind Mice* are represented by solid colored blocks whose lengths indicate how long to hold each note



2nd step: Notes are printed over the corresponding color blocks in this version of *Jingle Bells*

3rd step: As the student's familiarity grows, color blocks give way to colored notes.

MIDDLE C IS REL

20

A

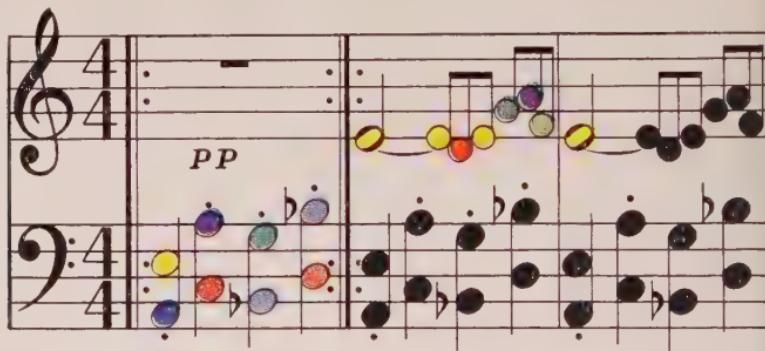
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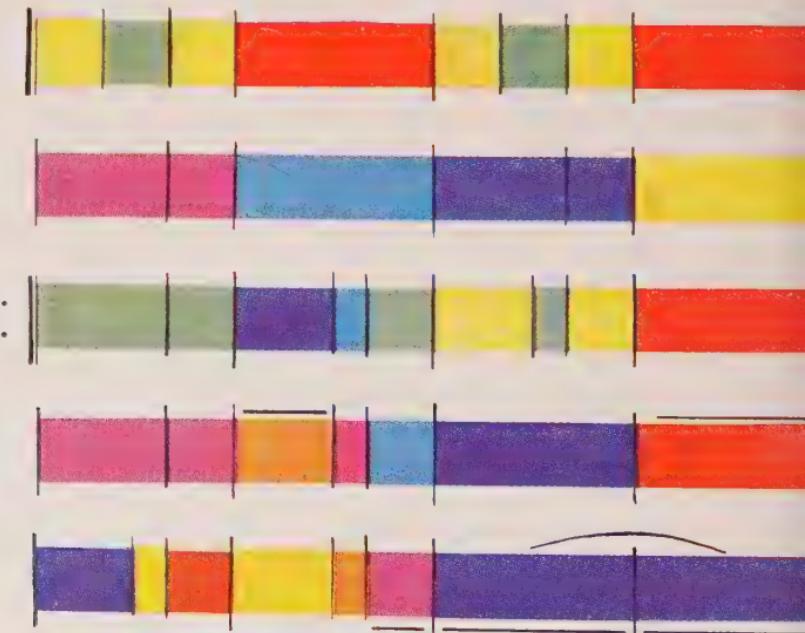
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1

4 th step: The transition from colored to standard notes.
By this time they are no longer abstractions.



The preceding examples show how the Rainbow Way works. Below is a complete color version of *Silent Night*, which may be used to practice Step 1.



- See the inside back cover for a photograph demonstrating the use of these charts by a beginner at the piano.

keyboard and acquired some sense of rhythm does he learn the abstractions, that is, the musical vocabulary. By that time the notes are simple and understandable, and he learns them through association, much as he learns to speak.

Obviously this method does not eliminate the music teacher, nor does it create musical aptitude out of thin air. But a child of only three or four can, with a little help from his parents, use it to break down the initial barrier to his musical education. So, for that matter, can an adult baffled by the association between the symbols on the music rack and the melody hidden in the keyboard.

To try the Rainbow Way put the color chart (page 119) on the piano keyboard so that the red arrow is over middle C. Then let the child pick out the melody given in Step 1 (page 119) by striking the keys that match the color blocks in the musical text. The varying lengths of the blocks indicate how long he should hold each tone, but the child should be allowed to ignore the rhythm until color matching becomes automatic. Then he should be taught to count the blocks and to hold each key for the full count of its color block. Of course, mastery of Step 1 requires more practice melodies than can be given here, but on

page 120 is a complete rendition of *Silent Night* as a start.

In Step 2, the standard notes appear. But they are simply overprinted on the color blocks, not on the staff lines. This familiarizes the pupil with musical symbols by suggestion, but leaves him free to play melodies expressed in color. When the symbols stir his curiosity, their meaning should be explained to him gradually. In this step, also, lines sometimes appear above or below the color blocks, indicating that these tones may be played an octave higher or lower. This provides an opportunity to show the child the advantages of using both hands, and extends his knowledge of the keyboard.

In Step 3, the color-block notation gives way to the great staff, but the notes are printed in the same colors as those used in the blocks. The pupil uses the colored notes simply as a transitional aid in mastering the staff. When he has done that, he moves on to standard musical notation in Step 4 (page 120). Through repetition and subconscious association he has gradually learned the positions of the notes on the staff and can discard the colors. Even if he never becomes a great or even an accomplished pianist, he will at least never come to associate music with boredom and frustration.

END

Three

A story

'40 Of course, we missed the last bus which should have gone at lunchtime but which apparently had departed in the middle of the morning so we began to walk, cursing the fact that it was Christmas Day, that every house we passed contained people sitting down to their dinners, and above all that we should miss our unit dinner. And then a car stopped a little way in front of us and when we got up to it the man who was driving said where are you boys going and the woman beside him, obviously his wife, opened one eye and said Happy Christmas: I expect you'll be dead this time next year you poor boys.

Very politely I told them that we were making for Walthamstow and they said well get in, we're going to Hackney and we'll drive you right to Walthamstow. So we got in and very soon discovered that the woman was a little drunk but she was nice and so was her husband. She kept on shedding a quiet tear or two because she was sure that we should never see another Christmas Day.

The man drove straight to their house. Come on he said you're going to share our dinner with us and we went in and the place was filled with an awful smell of burning. My God his wife said I knew it would burn if I left the gas on.

The chicken was a black corpse but we all laughed about it

•**Jack Aistrop** spent twice three Christmases in the British army. He is a 31-year-old writer and editor whose short stories are familiar in British magazines and collections. His latest novel is *The Lights Are Low*.

Christmases

By Jack Aistrop

and drank a lot of gin and polished off a Christmas pudding, mince pies, and sweets and then, when she started to shed more tears she had us all at it and we looked sadly at the mess and decided to go and she said I want to kiss you boys good-by and she did, holding us in turn closely to her and kissing us blindly through her tears. Then her husband drove us back to our dump and shook hands and said don't take the old woman too seriously; she's not used to drink. Before he drove off he gave us a pound note which Ernie put in his pocket because he said I was too bloody careless with money.

We went to the Christmas concert that the local people had got up for us and it killed us both but there was a very nice looking girl in the row in front of us and in the interval she turned around and said this is terrible, ain't it chum? How about coming back to our place? And then we saw that there were three girls together and we quietly left the hall and went with them to a tiny council house which was so crammed with people that it was a job to get in but they dragged us into the front room and made such a fuss of us that within two minutes we were members of the family and there were two or three really wonderful looking girls there.

I got fixed up with one. She was sixteen and worked in a chain store as a packer. Bleed'n awful she said but I'd sooner do that than join the ATS—bleed'n life that must be. We had a lot of drinks and she told me about her ambitions to win a

Talent Competition and get into the big time. I can sing she said want to hear me. O.K. Quiet everybody. This soldier wants me to sing for 'im and I'm going to if Ivy can spare time from 'er elbow-lifting to tickle the old ivories for me.

And she did sing and when she had finished she came back and sat beside me. 'Ow was that ducks? I told her she was good and that pleased her and we had some more drinks and then she was sick so Ivy put her to bed. And we went home after being kissed by all the women, from Great Grannie downwards and when we were in bed, back at our dump we decided it had been a smashing Christmas.

'44 The gilt had worn off the gingerbread and we were in Belgium. A big party had been planned for Christmas Day and we had invited nearly a hundred war orphans. But the enemy launched that Christmas do in the Ardennes and for a while it looked as if the party would have to be postponed. But when we talked it over we decided to hold it whatever the cost

Illustration by Charles Alston



and so we detailed four men to run the party while the rest of us remained at our action stations.

We saw the children coming down the road in a long, neat little crocodile and as they passed our posts they all waved and smiled and none of them seemed to mind the noise of heavy gunfire in the distance.

They disappeared into the hall and we heard the band strike up and later on we heard the comedian singing to them and we heard them gradually joining in. It was a foolish song and the verse went boom boom boom and as they sang the boom boom part they were banging on the table and laughing.

Village women who had offered to help brought us out cups of tea and kept darting in and out looking worried and nervous but the party went on and one of the lads dressed as Father Christmas came out of our billets and dragged a sack of toys into the hall but no one said anything to him as he passed through the posts. We just squatted there thinking about the Ardennes business and how long we could give ourselves and



someone even said wonder what the Dunkirk show was like and we told him to go bugger himself.

Just before dusk the children filed home but before they passed us, they stopped and suddenly began to sing *Tipperary* very seriously and then they sang the Belgian National Anthem and waved and disappeared down the cobbled road.

We weren't sure whether it had been a good Christmas or not.

'45 The superior powers sent a letter round just before Christmas to say that we could entertain a limited number of German children if we wished and if the men were prepared to co-operate so we asked the men and they said they very much wanted to and that they would each give a two week chocolate ration and they would make toys in their spare time.

Eighty German orphans sat down to tea. They were very quiet and very curious but when the cakes and jams and fruits were set before them and they realized that they could take anything they wanted, the hall suddenly filled with noise and children stretched out their hands in all directions, grabbing, crushing food. They began to eat as quickly as they could and the very little ones just piled their plates and buried their faces in the mixture of food. But the Father Christmas spoke to them and they slowly resumed their good manners. The men sat with them and helped them to tuck away and to put things in the paper bags we had given them.

Outside, in the snow, their less fortunate playmates waited for them and as they left, the two little forces merged into one and the food was shared and the forest came alive with shouts and the rustling of bags.

But when the Father Christmas, who had been a German Sergeant Major, appeared on the steps, the children became quiet and then suddenly began to sing *Tipperary* and it took us back a year and we began to miss a lot of faces and by the time they had finished, we had all stopped smiling and couldn't meet each other's eyes.

We wondered if they would sing their forbidden National Anthem but they didn't. Instead, they struck up the song their fathers and our comrades had sung before battles, in odd

places, all over the crazy, war-blasted earth. They sang and the pines gave strength to their little voices.

Yes, *Lili Marlene* they sang and it was a terrible little pocket of time while they were singing. A moment snatched unexpectedly and which belonged only to the kids and to us and to regiments of shadows of all nationalities.

Lili Marlene: their song and their fathers' song and our song and the G.I.s' song and the Belgian and Dutch and French and Polish and Canadian and God knows how many other troops' song—the song of boredom and fear and comradeship and good times and bad times. Children singing it: half-starved kids, some of them marked for death during the winter, singing it for us, giving it to us as a Christmas present. When it was all over we walked back through the ruins to our billets and no one spoke but later we all agreed that it had been a bloody awful Christmas.

END

47 *Pre-print*

Old Country Courting

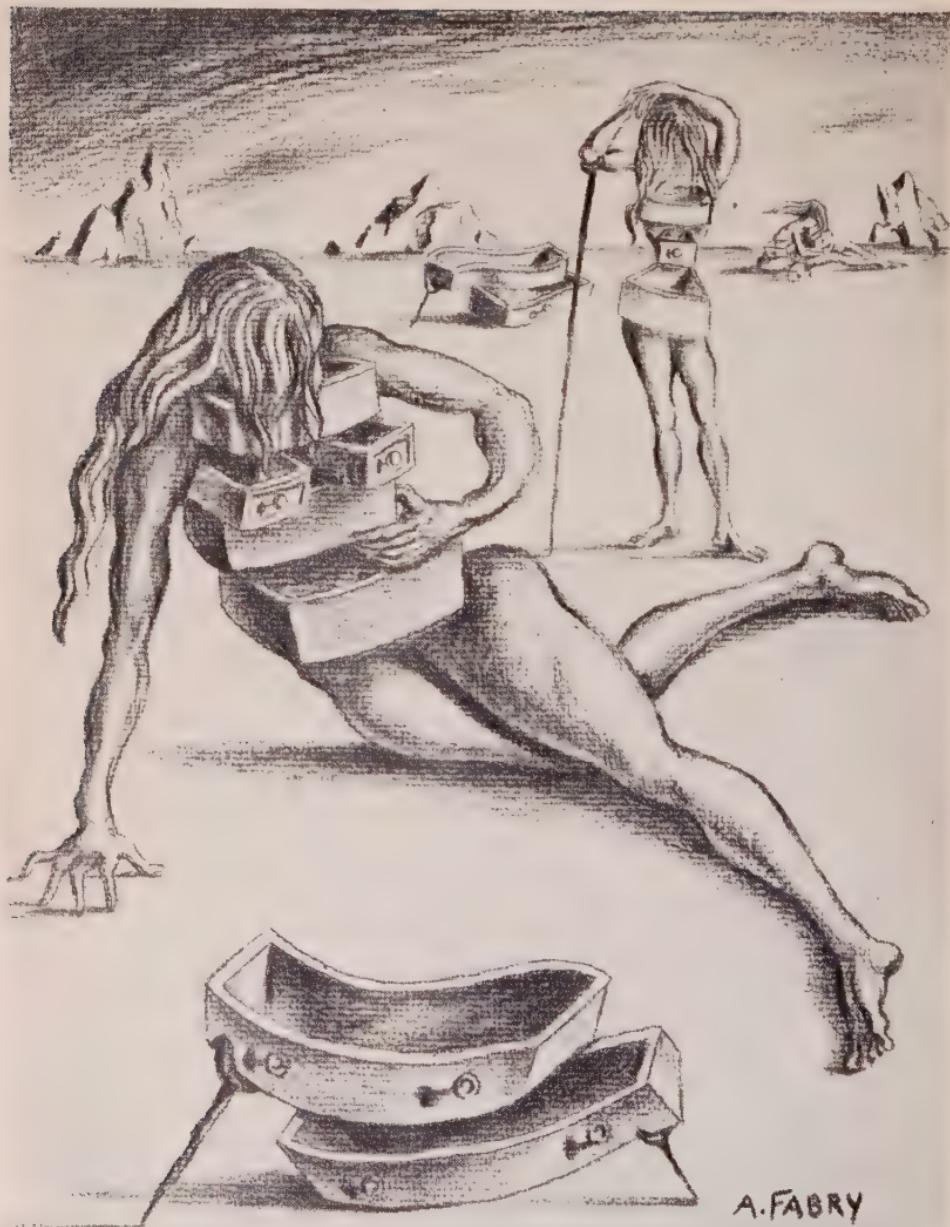
Your great-grandmother was a wild one, the same as Denny, Staffy said, and the disputes they had in their time—sure the whole village would come to stand outside and listen, and they keeping it up the grander for knowing the audience they had! She was more than a match for Denny, and no mistake. I remember him telling about a day when they were courting together in the old country, and he had taken her to the races that they would hold in them days down on the hard sand of one of the beaches, maybe a dozen miles from the place where they lived. Didn't it happen that they were going back that night in the cart he was driving, and the axle broke the time they were halfway home, and could never be mended till the morning? There was only one bed in the world for them to sleep in, at the lone houseen where they stopped, but the woman said they could make it serve with a pillow between them, the way they would both be as single as if they was lying in separate counties.

The next day the axle was fixed, and they went riding off home together. It was a fine windy day, and your great-grandmother had pushed her shawl back loose around her shoulders: well then, as they were passing along the road, it blew off entirely and over a wall. Denny stopped the horse, and was for climbing over the wall and fetching it back for her, but wasn't she down herself before he could ever set foot on the ground?

God help you, Dennis Carroll, she said, if you couldn't get over the pillow, you can never get over that wall!

—*Mary Deasy*

From "The Hour of Spring", Little, Brown. To be published next month.



"I can never get this third drawer open."

Fiction: Mass vs. Mind

*Must modern novels be either “highbrow” and
unreadable—or “lowbrow” and not worth reading?*

ONE HAS the impression, these past few years, that the words “highbrow” and “lowbrow” are used less frequently than they used to be. It would be pleasant to think that this was because the separation between our intellectual classes is less marked than it once was. But actually just the opposite is the case.

There probably never was a time when the line between our “serious” and our “popular” writing was as sharply drawn as it is today. On the one hand, we have a literature so highly specialized in idiom and idea that it can be understood by only a tiny minority of trained minds. On the other

hand, we have a mass-product which seems to pride itself on its lack of distinction of thought, language, and emotion. Between the two extremes, there is only barrenness and confusion, and the anguish of a few artists caught between the pressures.

In the nineteenth century, many workingmen as well as professors could read Carlyle with pleasure and profit, and the intellectual and the housewife found an equal charm in Dickens. There were stratifications in the reading public, of course; but there was also a common denominator of sense and standard that allowed literature to cut across the classes. We recall, for instance, that when Matthew Arnold complained to the tax collector that if his assessment were raised he would have to write

• Diana Trilling has been contributing literary criticism to the *Nation* for many years, and recently edited *The Portable D. H. Lawrence*.

more books to meet the expense, the collector replied that then the public would have reason to be grateful to the tax office—a gallantry as remote from our time as if it had been spoken seven hundred years ago, not seventy.

Or we consider the high degree of literacy in that most widely-read of humorists, Mark Twain, and realize that it could never have occurred to him that there was any contradiction between his own educated tastes and popular success. Even as late as Arnold's day in England, or Mark Twain's in America, books were a means of unifying society, a way for everyone to share the best that his culture offered.

But the world has grown since the nineteenth century, in size and complexity if not in civilization. One of the ironies of the democratic ideal is that the larger the society, the more democracy may strengthen in principle but necessarily diminish in practice. As a population grows, the people's representatives move farther and farther away from the people themselves. What has happened in our intellectual life is but one aspect of what has happened throughout the modern democratic world: Like the political or economic spokesman, the intellectual spokesman has lost touch with his

constituents; he functions on behalf of a large body of unknown citizens, rather than as a member of a fairly coherent community of neighbors and friends. Just as in, say, the trade-union movement there is no longer any natural association between union official and rank-and-file worker, just so in literature there is no longer any natural association between writer and audience.

In this situation, the writer is faced with a sad choice. Either he can fabricate a tie with his fellow-citizens by dropping the marks of the intellectual caste; that is, he can give up the subtleties and insights that presumably distinguish the man of letters, and establish a commonality of nondiscrimination—in which case, he is what I call a popular writer. Or else, he can give up all hope of general communication; he can choose to address only his own small circle of like-minded friends—in which case, he becomes parochial.

And the result of this option shows itself in every branch of contemporary writing. There are the magazines for the few and the magazines for the many, the novel for popular consumption and the novel for the literary élite. There is criticism for the average reader and criticism for the professional reader, poetry for the man-in-the-

street and poetry for the student of verse. What separates the two classes is not merely a difference in style. Style is only the most obvious expression of two profoundly opposed ways of thinking and feeling about the world.

The breach has been most openly discussed in the field of poetry, where we are constantly confronted with the basic problem of intelligibility. The point has been made repeatedly that our most gifted poets use a syntax and imagery that puts their verse out of the range of any but the most highly trained readers. And surely it would be impossible for anyone without special instruction to make much meaning of lines like these, which open a poem by Marianne Moore:

*CAMELLIA SABINA
and the Bordeaux plum
from Marmande (France in
parentheses) with
A.G. on the base of the jar—
Alexis Godillot—
unevenly blown beside a
bubble that
is green when held up to the
light; they
are a fine duet; the screw-top
for this graft-grown
briar-black bloom on black-
thorn pigeon's-blood
is, like Certosa, sealed
with foil. Appropriate
custom.*

Or these, which close a poem by Wallace Stevens:

*The knowledge of bright-ethered
things*

*Bears us toward time, on its
Perfective wings.*

*We enjoy the ithy oonts and
long-haired*

*Plomets, as the Heer Gott
Enjoys his comets.*

Here indeed is a barrier to general appreciation, an almost insurmountable one. And we must ask whether, if the poet is lonely on his side of so high a fence, he has not created his own dilemma. Yet we no sooner make this accusation than we know it to be unjust. It is not the difficulty of this poetry that has put the distance between the modern poet and his audience, any more than it is the quarantine sign that puts the distance between a sick person and the well. Loneliness is the condition of our times; difficult verse is merely a response to an existing condition. It gives notice of our illness, it does not produce it.

And similarly, the too-intelligible poet gives notice of his sense of alienation from his fellowmen by any number of signs as meaningful as the difficult language of a Moore or a Stevens. Where the minority writer retreats into a

greater and greater privacy of expression, the majority writer becomes more and more a public speaker. Where the parochial poet tries to create a new personal order, the popular poet tries to create a new public order. But public affairs are, of course, a matter of public demands, and the writer who heeds public demand is likely to wind up forgetting what he himself originally was. Almost inevitably, he comes to modify his intelligence in order to meet the needs of the moment; and eventually he even comes to think that artistic distinction is the very opposite of a need—a luxury, to be indulged in only at the cost of giving up the ability to communicate.

Thus it is almost impossible to imagine our period producing a book like that great best-seller of the nineteenth century, Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Robert Elsmere*. Our serious writers would be contemptuous of its low artistic level, and would fail to realize that Mrs. Ward was simply an ungifted artist, that she was not writing *down* to a popular audience. And our popular writers would be terrified by the complexity of the theological issues she dares to deal with; they would think she was a "high-brow" because she refused to make any popular concessions whatsoever in the realm of idea.



Mrs. Humphry Ward

In the sense in which Mrs. Ward was a true democrat—though not a very good artist—neither our majority nor our minority writer is a democrat at all. Neither has real respect for his unknown fellow citizens. Our parochial writers have at least the virtue of frankly admitting their aristocratic point of view. They set up their own criteria and wash their hands of the question whether or not their viewpoint is available to the rest of society. The snobbery of our popular authors is better concealed. They say in effect: "Look, I'm no better than you are. I will prove it by my simple-mindedness." And paradoxically enough, it is this condescension, with its heavy implication of insult, that they take

to be the test of their democratic commitment.

As a matter of fact, it is nowhere so much as in the handling of the democratic subject itself that we see how very wide is the cleavage between our majority and minority cultures, and what a strange influence the two groups exercise upon each other. When I say that our popular writers have pre-empted the field of democratic education. I do not mean that our serious writers are unconcerned with politics. This is certainly not true. But it is our popular writers who have appointed themselves the guardians of our democratic fate—and ignored the fact that the very idea of guardianship implies that, like children, the masses of mankind are unfit to think for themselves.

These writers seem unable to approach the theme of democracy except in cliché or as if it were a primer lesson: the American citizen becomes a "little man," the American liberal a papier-mâché saint, and the whole of the great American possibility a sonority on the lips of a Norman Corwin. They are afraid to criticize anything or anybody on their own "side." They are unwilling to present any alternatives except the alternatives of heaven and hell.

To the oversimplifications of

this popular approach, our minority writers react with exaggerated feelings, overprecise thinking, a language of theory rather than of practice. Against such a soft, self-celebrating optimism, they assert a difficult pessimism. For the dull, nondimensional lessons of racial equality, religious tolerance, and the rights of labor, they substitute fantasy, abstraction, sensibility—anything to make life more interesting than the constant iteration of the obvious.

But if our popular literature pushes our minority literature into an ever-increasing parochialism, so does our serious literature just as strongly reinforce our popular writers in their opinion that the world is full of problems and that it is the sole and whole business of literature to solve them. The writer for the "little" magazines may think of himself as superior to the writer for the mass-circulation magazines, but his conviction of superiority is as nothing compared to the popular writer's conviction of inferiority. With every increase in his income there grows within the popular writer the appalling fear of having "sold out," of having exchanged professional integrity for money and a quick public acclaim. How better compensate for this sense of guilt—it is not peculiar to the writing



Laura Z. Hobson

world, but runs through all of American life: witness the American philanthropist—than by dedicating himself to humanity—by becoming even more popular, even more of a “life-force,” anything except that remote phenomenon called an artist?

There have been three novels in this past year which, in their individual tone and in their relation to each other, seem to me dramatically to demonstrate this split which I have been describing—Laura Z. Hobson's *Gentleman's Agreement*, Vladimir Nabokov's *Bend Sinister*, and Sinclair Lewis' *Kingsblood Royal*. All three books deal with the subject of democracy, each plays its own kind of variation on the democratic theme,

and each represents, I think, far more than one author's response to the times.

Gentleman's Agreement is an excellent example of what I call our majority attitude. It is a novel about anti-Semitism in this country, an attempt to communicate its author's awareness that anti-Jewish sentiment exists even among people of supposed liberalism, and an effort to combat this evil. No one could possibly question its sound social-political intention. Not only its shadowless prose, however, but its contrived plot and its undifferentiated characters oversimplify and therefore falsify the problem with which it deals.

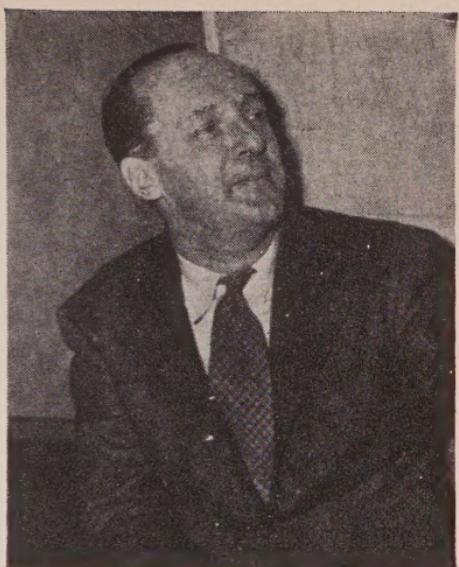
Mrs. Hobson's hero, for instance, is not a Jew but a Gentile who passes himself off as a Jew for six weeks. Can his emotions even approximate the emotions of someone born a Jew? The very cleverness of such a narrative device throws the book out of the realm of difficult reality into that of fantasy.

Then, too, even the born Jews with whom this central character associates all take their place in the white, middle-class, Protestant world far too easily to be adequate symbols of the plight of the Jews; they have neither beards, accents, nor proletarian professions to put “liberal tolerance” to a really cru-

cial test. In other words, what Mrs. Hobson's novel actually does is plead the case of the Jews on the basis of only a partial truth—which, in view of the nature of the *whole* truth, is virtually to plead it not at all. Her liberals learn to act better on the porch of country clubs; do they learn to act better as they walk through the garment district? I hardly think so.

But at least when we read *Gentleman's Agreement*, and watched its mounting sales, we were lulled into security. A blow had been struck for democracy, and we could all of us, Jew and decent Gentile alike, feel more hopeful for the future.

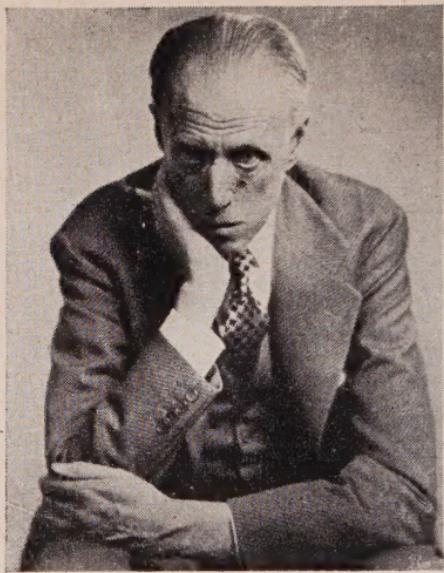
Bend Sinister stands at the other literary extreme from *Gentleman's Agreement*. Even its title immediately suggests the specialness of its appeal. Where Mrs. Hobson's story about democracy cloaks its fantasy in an apparent reality, Nabokov's story is an out-and-out dream, a nightmare. A novel about man under dictatorship. *Bend Sinister* makes no assumption that democracy is a feasible goal; it is a book entirely without hope for either the present or future. It simply conjures up a mood of the most intense subjective horror. And its prose is so anarchic, its materials so abstract, its feelings so rarefied that the most highly-



Vladimir Nabokov

trained reader penetrates it with effort.

Finally there is Sinclair Lewis' *Kingsblood Royal*, about the Negro problem. Unlike Mrs. Hobson, Mr. Lewis is a literary artist. Unlike Mr. Nabokov, Mr. Lewis quite properly wants to be a widely-read author. How reconcile the complexity and perceptiveness which are so much a part of his native endowment with the desire for general communication? There was once a time, in the days of *Main Street* and *Babbitt*, when there was no conflict between these two impulses. But that time has passed. The critics in the camp of art have been very harsh with Mr. Lewis as they have seen his work persistently move down the path



Sinclair Lewis

of an easy popularity; no doubt their severity has had just the opposite effect from what they intended. But surely our popular culture has an equal responsibility for his fate: it has told him that he cannot keep his art and his audience too.

Kingsblood Royal with its only occasional flicker of the old Lewis

flame, although those flickers are very bright indeed, is the work of an anguished talent. It is the work of a fine writer riding a tide of whose perils no one is better aware than he himself.

I know no way of closing this breach between our intellectual classes except by a conscious act of the heart and mind on the part of our writers. We must have the generosity to imagine that our unknown public is of a kind to whom it is worth talking and for whom the best of which we are capable is none too good. This is, after all, the only attitude the mature person assumes in any of his human dealings. And if our society is not sufficiently developed to teach us this generosity, then, by example, we must teach it to our society. Only so—by rising, as individuals, above our times—do we earn the right to think of ourselves either as true opinion-formers or abiding artists.

END

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Alaska the step-Fatherland • See *Alaskan Blues*, page 46

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